





GLOOSKAP STORIES



“All at once Sunny Face resumed his own form.”
FRONTISPIECE. See Page 79.

GLOOSKAP STORIES

By
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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GLOOSKAP STORIES

I

THE WIGWAM

THESE stories were told around the Wigwam fire in the long Canadian winter nights, by Baptiste, a French half-breed trapper; René, an Indian chief; Iagoo, the wondrous storyteller of his tribe; and Orono, an Indian doctor. The Factor, his son-in-law, the lawyer, and his grandson, Little Pierre, acted as hosts of the Wigwam, which they had provided and thrown open to every Indian of whatever tribe or nation. I was there simply as an invited guest. That was years ago; but the echoes of these stories are with me yet. The heroes who marched grandly through them still march before me, bedecked with all the glorious trappings bestowed upon them by the riotous imagination of our own primitive America. I have sat again by the Wigwam fire, night after night, as I have transcribed these stories, echoes out of the past, bearing with them so many pleasant memories, and casting upon the screen

THE WIGWAM

of time the actors in these strangely interesting tales of the great heroes of a primitive people.

May the reader read these stories with the same unbounded faith and never-flagging interest with which I listened to them in my boyhood; for they echo the faith of a race whose sun has already set. They embody the literature and philosophy of a people which has already disappeared, almost in our own day, from the face of the earth. They are feeble lights shining in the darkness of the early history of our own continent.

II

WHEN GLOOSKAP SMOKES HIS PIPE

THE first touch of frost had come, as it often does in the north, some weeks before winter, and had painted the trees of the town, the wood and the forest-crowned mountain side with a bewildering mass of variegated colors, kaleidoscopic in their ever-changing vistas. Yet, with the night, every breath of winter had disappeared and the dreamy, hazy October days had taken its place as though by right of inheritance. The breath of spring rather than of fall was in the air. The smoke above the mountains and the foothills alone proclaimed the coming of the Lord of Cold Weather.

“It is time to light the Wigwam fire,” said Baptiste, as he piled the huge logs upon the iron dogs. “When the frost touches the face of Sainte Eulalie, then is the winter at our door.”

“Sainte Eulalie is a very pretty idea,” said the Factor, “but I prefer to think of this season of the year as Indian Summer. It always

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seems to me more like a name that belongs to our own land.”

“Yes,” said Orono, “it belongs to our own land. It is the season when Glooskap smokes his pipe and the smoke covers all the land.”

“And what happens, Orono, when Glooskap smokes his pipe?” inquired the lawyer.

“This,” said Orono, “is the story my people tell. This is what happens when Glooskap smokes his pipe.

“One day when all the land was bright with the golden light of autumn, Glooskap sat far up upon the mountain side among the pine trees and smoked his pipe; and the great clouds of smoke rolled out over the valley and covered the earth with a dreamy haze. When the people saw the smoke creeping down the hills and over the valleys, they said:

“‘Glooskap is smoking his pipe. He is sending us the beautiful autumn days before the winter comes.’

“From his seat high up on the mountain Glooskap saw, far in the Northland, a great blanket of many-colored lights covering all the northern sky; and he said:

“‘The Maker-of-light is lighting his snow tepee for the winter.’

GLOOSKAP SMOKE HIS PIPE

“ He puffed great clouds of smoke from his pipe; for he was lazy and contented; and as he puffed he continued to watch the light from the snow tepee of the Maker-of-light. The night came on and still he sat there, watching the lights as they grew from yellow gold into flaming masses of red, filling all the northern sky with a dreamy fire like a forest seen from afar off. At last he arose, put his pipe away and said:

“ ‘ I will go into the Northland, to the snow tepee of the Maker-of-light.’

“ Glooskap, the great teacher, put on his moccasins of pure white doeskin. Ornamented were they with the colored quills of the porcupine, and on them were wrought the secret symbols that work great magic. When he wore these magic moccasins he could outrun the winds; could cross great rivers without fording them; could leap from mountain peak to mountain peak. Far to the Northland journeyed Glooskap, by the fiery light streaming forth from the magic tepee of the Maker-of-light.

“ Three days and three nights without resting Glooskap journeyed toward the Northland. Over mountains and plains, over rivers and

GLOOSKAP SMOKE HIS PIPE

lakes, he went; and as he journeyed he spoke to his magic moccasins, saying:

“ ‘Faster, faster, my good moccasins, for we are going to the tepee of the Maker-of-light!’

“Faster and faster moved the magic moccasins; and Glooskap laughed as they left the winds behind. On the fourth day he came to the yellow-painted tepee of the Maker-of-light, up against the northern sky, at the outer edge of the world. From the smoke hole of the tepee issued floods of soft yellow light; and on its sides were painted the magic symbols of the Northland.

“As Glooskap entered the tepee a very tall, white-haired old man seated on a great white buffalo robe cried out with a merry laugh:

“ ‘Welcome, Glooskap! Welcome to the Northland!’

“Filling a black-stone pipe with tobacco he offered it to Glooskap.

“As they sat there in their fur robes and smoked, the Lord of the Northland told the most wonderful stories of the spirits who make the ice and the snow or ride upon the winds; and as he related his tales he hissed like the blinding snow, he groaned like the creaking

GLOOSKAP SMOKE HIS PIPE

ice; and he whistled like the storm winds. Then, raising his voice until it filled the whole Northland, he shrieked and roared like the many-toned voice of the tempest. And his breath blew cold and chilling like the breath of the Northern Sea.

“At the sound of his voice came all the legions of the Northland, and they piled the snow high about the tepee and they forced the fearful cold into it, past its thick linings of fur. More and more powerful grew the spell of the magic of the Lord of the Northland; and Glooskap became drowsier and drowsier. Soon his eyes closed and he sank back upon the white robe sound asleep.

“As Glooskap yielded to his powerful enchantment, the Lord of the Northland laughed long and loud; and his laughter echoed far out over the outer edge of the world beyond the Northern Sea.

“For six long months Glooskap slept. Whenever the storm raged more fearfully than usual, he moved uneasily in his sleep. Only when the warmer days of spring came and drove the cold weather farther to the Northland did he awake. Then he journeyed to the Southland, saying:

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“ ‘Faster, faster, my good moccasins; for we are returning to the homeland!’

“Faster and faster moved the magic moccasins; and, as Glooskap went rushing by, the lazy spring winds looked on and wondered; and the king of the eagles cried with rage to find himself left behind in the race.

“Southward, ever southward, journeyed Glooskap; and warmer, ever warmer the weather became. The leaves came again upon the trees, and the grass and the flowers sprang up as he passed. At last he came to a great pine forest over which floated the lazy white, fleecy clouds of the Southland.

“On the open land in front of the forest, the Little People of the Southland, the People of Light, were dancing and singing around their tiny Queen, who was dressed in garments of the most beautiful colors of the spring flowers.

“When they saw Glooskap coming they ran, crying out in great fear, to the forest; but he came so fast he was in their midst before they could reach it. Seizing the little Queen, he placed her inside his hunting coat. Then he loosened his magic lasso from his belt and allowed it to play out behind him, as he rushed backward again toward the Northland.

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“ The Little People caught hold of the lasso and clung to it; but Glooskap let it out as he ran, and left them far behind, though they thought all the time they were keeping up with him. Faster and faster traveled the magic moccasins; and farther and farther did they leave the Little People behind; so that, when Glooskap reached the tepee of the Lord of the Northland once more, they were still far back in the Southland.

“ The tepee was just as he left it. The magic symbols of the Northland were still painted on its sides and the floods of golden light issued from its smoke hole.

“ When Glooskap entered the tepee he found the old Lord of the Northland still seated upon his white buffalo robe, smoking his black-stone pipe, the smoke from which turned into the golden light that streamed from the smoke hole.

“ ‘ Ha, ha, ha! ’ he laughed jovially. ‘ Welcome, Glooskap, welcome once more to the Northland! ’

“ Again he filled the black-stone pipe carefully with tobacco and handed it to Glooskap, who took it as he seated himself on the pile of white furs.

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“As they sat there wrapped in their robes of fur and smoked, the Lord of the Northland began once more his most entrancing and magical stories of the spirits who make the ice and the snow or ride upon the winds. Again as before he hissed like the blinding snow; he groaned like the cracking ice; and he whistled high and shrill like the storm winds, raising his voice until it filled the whole Northland and shrieking and roaring like the many-toned voice of the tempest. Again his breath blew cold and chilling like the breath of the Northern Sea. And, at the sound of his voice, all the legions of the Northland came and piled the snow high about the tepee and forced the fearful cold into it past its thick lining of furs. Outside, the spirits riding on the storm moaned and shrieked and whistled; and from far over all the Northland still other spirits more fearful than they answered. But Glooskap, wrapped up in his white fur robes, smoked calmly and listened to the tales of wonder, listened to the magical stories of the old man; for the glowing heat of the little Queen of the Southland within the bosom of his deerskin hunting shirt kept him warm.

“When the Lord of the Northland had fin-

GLOOSKAP SMOKE HIS PIPE

ished his first wonder tale, Glooskap began, in his turn, to recite a story of the Southland. Wondrous sweet and soft and low was his voice. As he chanted, the summer-laden winds from the Southland came at his bidding and drove the winter hosts, howling with rage, out into the Northern Sea beyond the outer edge of the world. And the little Summer Queen within the bosom of his hunting shirt glowed warm as the sun in the far Southland. A pleasant heat like the coming of spring filled the yellow-painted tepee.

“The old Lord of the Northland, wrapped up in his white buffalo robe, nodded and nodded. Very drowsy was he; and the sweat ran down his face and dropped upon the sacred white robe. He was almost asleep when Glooskap finished his first tale of the Southland. But he roused himself and began a story of the war of the winds, a war of the raging tempests. As he chanted his tale, the fearful storms rushed in from the wild Northern Sea. From far beyond the outer rim of the world they came. Fiercely they blew; and so loudly they boasted and so savagely they howled that the summer winds retreated southward; and the little Summer Queen shivered within the

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bosom of Glooskap's deerskin hunting shirt. As the Lord of the Northland recited the fierce war of the winds, his ice-cold breath came forth like the flood of smoke from the smoke hole of his tepee, and filling all the tepee itself, fell to the floor as hoarfrost.

“ But Glooskap smoked his black-stone pipe unmoved and calmly listened to the tale of wonder, to the wondrous tale of great magic; for the warm glow of the little Summer Queen within the bosom of his hunting shirt filled his heart with the warmth and beauty of the coming spring, from the far Southland.

“ When the Lord of the Northland had finished his second wonder tale Glooskap began to recite once more the glories of the Southland. Of the mystic dance of the Little People he spoke; of the magic dance that called forth the buds upon the trees, the green grass upon the bare earth, and summoned the softest and gentlest winds from the far south that they might breathe upon the sleeping flowers and waken them to life again. As he spoke, the little Summer Queen danced for joy within the bosom of his hunting shirt; and the summer winds, who had followed the trail of the magic lasso, rushed in to join in the dance.

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They drove the howling, shrieking tempests back into their Northern Sea; and they blew warm upon the yellow-painted tepee till the ice and snow about it melted, and joining the hoarfrost on the floor, flowed to the distant sea like the rushing rivers of springtime.

“The old Lord of the Northland, master of the tempests and the cold, wrapped up in his sacred white buffalo robe, nodded and nodded; and he had almost gone to sleep when the ice walls of the yellow-painted tepee melted and, rushing off, followed the waters to the sea; and the soft winds of the Southland fanned his face, down which the sweat was running in rivulets. He sprang up in a terrible rage, and with his white buffalo robe still wrapped about him, fled into the Northern Sea.

“Long and loud laughed Glooskap as he watched the white robe and the flowing white hair of the Lord of the Northland flying in the wind, rushing with all his magic speed to keep up with his fleeing spirits of the tempests, with the mighty enchanters of the Northland.

“He thanked the little Summer Queen and the summer winds for their help in the great battle. Just at this moment, the Little People, who had been traveling northward ever since

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Glooskap had tricked them with his magic lasso, arrived on the scene. They were overjoyed to meet their own little Queen and the summer winds once more. At once they began their magic dance; and as they danced, the leaves came again upon the trees, the green grass covered the bare earth, and the sleeping flowers awakened to life. Thus it was that summer came, for the first time, to the Northland.

“Leaving the land of the Lord-of-the-tempests in possession of the Little People, Glooskap journeyed southward once more.

“Ever since those days the Little People spend half their time in the Northland and half in the Southland. When they go south, the Lord of the Northland comes down from the Northern Sea and builds his yellow-painted tepee of ice on the same spot where the great battle between him and Glooskap was fought, the wondrous battle of magic. But when the Little People return, bringing the Summer Queen and the summer winds with them and melt his tepee, he rushes once more, howling with rage, across the Northern Sea, beyond the outer rim of the world.”

III

WUCHOSEN THE WIND-BLOWER

“ I SHOT a moose to-day,” said René, “ at the bend of the river, below the Cliff of the Wind-blower. His hair was thick and already turning light in color. This is a sure sign the winter will be hard and long.”

“ Perhaps his hair was thick and white because he had got too close to the Cliff of the Wind-blower,” said Iagoo.

“ Why is the great rock at the bend of the river called the Cliff of the Wind-blower? ” inquired the Factor.

“ Because,” answered Iagoo, “ people think it is like the Rock of Wuchosen, the Wind Eagle.”

“ What is the story, Iagoo, of Wuchosen, the Wind Eagle? ” asked the Factor.

“ This,” said Iagoo, “ is the story of Wuchosen, the great Wind-blower.

“ Away in the north at the very outer edge of the world-surrounding waters, lives Wuchosen, the great Wind Eagle. On the top of

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a high rock he sits, on a rock stretching upward from the wide-extending sea like a great cliff. From his high perch he surveys, with far-reaching eye, the world of waters, the world of earth, and the world of sky. The blower of all the winds that blow is he, the maker of the storm and tempest. At his will they are lulled to sleep; at his command they rise to work the fury of their will upon earth.

“In the olden days Wuchosen was much more powerful than he is now. Ruler of the Great Primeval Ocean was he in the days before the created land floated upon its bosom. Then he sent his army of winds rushing and roaring across the face of the deep; and from his high seat he watched them with great glee racing against each other with nothing to stop them, not even the tiniest head rising out of the great waters.

“Long after this the first land was built upon the back of the Great Turtle; and it grew and extended itself until it became a mighty island in the midst of the Primeval Ocean. As the great Wind Eagle sent the winds racing over the sea and the land and the sky, sent them to the north and the south, to the east and the west, they rocked the great earth-island

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like a tiny boat in a stormy sea; and the earth-sustaining turtle complained fretfully:

“ ‘ Oh, master of the winds, have a little pity on me, the burden-bearer; for you rock my young earth so dreadfully I am in constant fear that some day it may slip off my back into the sea and be lost for all time. Much trouble had I in creating this earth, much trouble indeed; and now, with your fierce winds rushing and roaring over the face of it and rocking it like a log on the storm-tossed sea, I am in great danger of losing it forever. Already my back is tired from the grinding of the earth upon it. Have a little pity on me, the burden-bearer, oh, Great Master of the Winds.’ ”

“ Long and loud laughed Wuchosen, the great Wind Eagle, the blower of all the winds that blow. Flapping his mighty wings, from which the thunder and the lightning are born, he said scornfully:

“ ‘ In the old, old days, Father Turtle, long before you made this island-earth, which you carry so proudly on your back, this earth that makes you look like a warty toad, I was the undisputed master of the Great Primeval Ocean. Over it I raced my winds at my own good pleasure. Then you came along and

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raised your obstructing island out of the waters, right in the midst of my race course; without my permission or knowledge you built it; and now you complain because my winds rock it a little as they rush over it in their play. Drop this island of earth from your back and let it sink again to the bottom of the Great Ocean where it belongs. As for me and my winds, we were the first of all created beings on the Primeval Waters; and we are not going to cut short our sports because it has pleased you to raise up your ridiculous little earth in the midst of our playground.'

"For years and years the great Wind Eagle and his sporting winds continued to rock the earth-island on the back of the Great Turtle. And as the people multiplied on the island, they were in constant danger of perishing from the fury of the tempests or the heaving and rocking of the earth. Many times they offered sacrifices, dances, and music to Wuchosen, to the great Wind Eagle, saying:

" 'Oh, Father Wuchosen, mighty pusher of the winds and ruler of the Primeval Ocean, have pity on us and do not blow us from the face of the earth or drown us in the deep!'

"Long and loud laughed Wuchosen; long

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and loud laughed the pusher of the winds; and over ocean, earth and sky echoed his terrible voice. Raising his mighty wings, he sent the winds forth from underneath them with intenser joy upon the earth until the people fled in terror to a great cave. There, deep within the earth, they held a ceremonial dance to Glooskap, the mighty ruler of the winds of heaven; and they offered sacrifices to him, saying:

“ ‘ Oh, great master, thy servant, Wuchosen, the blower of all the winds, has troubled our life so sorely that there is no safety for us except in this great cave deep within the earth. Remonstrate with him, great master, that he may permit us to return to our homes and live in peace.’

“ Very angry was Glooskap at the Wind Eagle; and he raced rapidly northward, wearing his magic moccasins and taking great steps over the earth which trembled at each mighty stride as though it were shaken by the fearsome sport of the playing winds. Over the earth and over the water he rushed, to the outer edge of the Primeval Sea, to the home of Wuchosen, the great Wind Eagle. High on his rock he found the blower of the winds.

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White was he as the snow of the north; huge his form as the clouds that encompass the earth; mighty his wings as the winds of heaven. Loudly he laughed as his far-seeing eye beheld Glooskap rushing over the earth-encircling sea; and he cried:

“ ‘ Welcome, Glooskap, master of the winds of heaven; welcome to the Northland! ’

“ And Glooskap, reaching with his mighty steps the island home of the Wind Eagle, said:

“ ‘ I wish you well, great ancestor! ’

“ And Wuchosen answered in a voice whose thunderous sound shook the earth, the sky and the sea:

“ ‘ I also wish you well, master of the winds! Why have you made this long journey in such haste? ’

“ ‘ Because, great ancestor, you are blowing your winds so fiercely that my people are compelled to hide from them deep within the caves of the earth; and I would beg you to have pity on them and to blow a little easier, so that they may lose their terror and return to their homes. ’

“ Again the Wind Eagle laughed long and loud, saying:

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“ ‘ Whenever I move my wings the winds rush forth. When I move them slowly the winds move slowly; when I move them faster the winds move faster; and when I flap them swiftly the tempests rush down upon the earth and cover the sea and the sky. Long before the earth was made and the people created to inhabit it I existed and the winds moved at the bidding of my wings, to whose shadow they come home to rest when they have become tired of sporting in the sky and on the earth and sea. Before ever there was another voice to speak, I shrieked and laughed over the face of the waters and shook the heavens with my words; and now you come and ask me to forego what I have done from all time, because of these crawling insects with which Great Turtle has peopled his island. But I am the ruler of the home of the winds. I am he who makes the winds to blow. Such I have always been and shall be for all time. Without my winds all things must die. When it pleases me to blow the tempest then I shall blow it; for what matters it to me if men have to crawl into their earth caves when my children sport upon earth? ’

“ ‘ Be a little easier with thy mighty wings, oh, great ancestor,’ pleaded Glooskap.

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“ Longer and louder than before laughed the great Wind Eagle, saying:

“ ‘ What I have always done that shall I do, great ruler of the winds of heaven. Why should I tie up my winds before which the earth and the sea and the sky tremble and are afraid? Why should I do this when there is none mightier than I? ’

“ Very angry was Glooskap at the boasting of the Wind Eagle, and he rushed upon him. Then began the mightiest of all battles fought in the Northland. From beneath his great wings Wuchosen let loose the winds and blew them into a mighty tempest such as had never been seen in the world before. Glooskap calmed them with the words of command from his mouth, and they sank down in slumber at his feet. The giant bird fought on with his mighty wings, from which rushed forth the thunder and the lightning. But they all, listening to the voice of the master of the winds of heaven, passed him by unharmed. Then Glooskap seized the Blower-of-the-winds; and they wrestled there, upon the top of the tall cliff, up against the sky in the far Northland. All day they wrestled; for the Blower-of-the-winds was wondrous strong. But just as night



“All day they wrestled; for the Blower-of-the-winds was wondrous strong.” *Page 25.*

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came on he began to grow weaker; and at last Glooskap, making one more mighty effort, threw him and, binding his wings together, hurled him into the sea, from the height of his island home, saying:

“ ‘ Stay there, Wuchosen, thou great boaster. No longer shalt thou send thy winds to trouble my people! ’

“ Well pleased, Glooskap hurried home over sea and land with mighty strides of his magic moccasins. Soon he came to the great cave in which the people had hidden themselves from the wild sport of the winds; and he called them forth and bade them have no more fear because he had tied together the mighty wings of the Blower-of-the-winds.

“ Greatly the people rejoiced and they held a ceremonial dance in honor of Glooskap, who had delivered them from the tyranny of the winds; and they beat their drums, blew their whistles and sang their songs in praise of his mighty power and his kindness to them.

“ As the days went by never a wind blew upon the earth, in the sky or over the sea. All was so still that not a leaf moved upon the trees. Then the people began to complain because there was no wind to cool them when the

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sun beat down upon them with its fierce heat of midday. The clouds stood still in the sky, for there were now no winds to push them about. Still as the face of the land were the great waters of the sea as the warriors glided over it in their canoes. But the beauty and the freshness of the earth had gone; the sweet breath of the forest was dead; the waters of the rivers, the lakes and the Great Sea had begun to smell like decaying corpses. All the land, from day to day, became more and more like one great burial place. At last the people, in anguish and fear, cried out to the master of the winds, saying:

“ ‘ Oh, great master of the winds of heaven, save us from the death that is upon us! Send us the winds once more that the earth may again become sweet and wholesome, even though we should have to hide in fear and trembling when they come forth to sport upon the earth! ’

“And Glooskap, paying heed to their petition, journeyed once more into the far Northland, to the outer border of the world, to the home of the great Wind Eagle.

“ He found the Blower-of-the-winds sitting silent and sad at the foot of his great island

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rock. He was no longer the proud ruler of the Primeval Ocean. No longer he shouted his welcome to Glooskap from afar off. Sul-
len and silent he sat, silent as the great North-
land itself. Not even a word of welcome or re-
proach did he utter as Glooskap stood before
him. All ruffled and unkempt were his feath-
ers; and old and helpless he appeared in the
white light of the Northland.

“ ‘ This is the great boaster, the mighty ruler
of the Primeval Ocean. This is he who blows
the winds at his own sweet will because he is
the most powerful of all warriors; the greatest
of all enchanters!’ Glooskap cried mockingly.

“ ‘ Why do you mock me now that I am
helpless? Untie my wings and I will fight you
once more, master of the winds!’ exclaimed the
great Wind Eagle in a mighty rage.

“ ‘ I have come to set you free and to
put you to work once more, Blower-of-the-
winds,’ said Glooskap. ‘ But you must prom-
ise me not to move your wings too hard
again.’

“ The Wind Eagle, looking up with sudden
cunning in his eyes, answered:

“ ‘ I will be most careful, master of the
winds, not to work my wings too hard.’

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“ But Glooskap, seeing the deceit in his eyes, said:

“ ‘ Blower-of-the-winds, you are not true. There is evil still in your heart; and I shall not trust you. The wind and the clouds must be moved so that the world shall be pure and sweet and healthful; but I have no mind to have the earth swept, with your great tempest, into the depths of the Primeval Ocean. I shall give you freedom to work; but not the power to harm the earth or my people.’

“ So saying, he seized the Blower-of-the-winds in his arms and, carrying him to the top of the high cliff, he laid him down on the cold rock. Then he unbound the right wing of the great bird, and, fastening the left still more securely to his side, said:

“ ‘ Master of the Primeval Sea, thou shalt blow thy winds as in the past; but only with one wing shalt thou blow them so that thy tempest may never be greater than the earth may support or man may bear.’

“ The great Eagle, stretching himself up to his full height, uttered a screech of joy that echoed over all the Northland; and flapped his one free wing; and the winds rushed forth from underneath it, over the sea, the earth and the

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sky; and at once the land, the water and the air became fresh and sweet and wholesome as they had been in the days before Glooskap bound the Wind-blower and hurled him from his island home into the Primeval Sea.

“From that day the people lived in peace, for the Wind Eagle was able to blow the winds only half so hard as he had done before.”

IV

THE MAGIC WATERS

RENÉ, who never missed a meeting of the camp fire, was absent one afternoon. Any of the other members might not have been present and it would have occasioned no surprise; but, when René did not put in an appearance, every one instinctively looked toward the vacant place near the door where he habitually sat.

“Where is René to-day?” inquired the lawyer.

For a moment no one spoke; then Orono said:

“He has had the rheumatism for several weeks; and this morning he set out with some pilgrims who passed through town on their way to the Well of the Healing Waters. He told me to say to you all that he will be back as soon as he is well again.”

“I have no doubt he will return completely cured,” said the Factor, whose Celtic blood and years of close contact and intimacy with the half-breed and the Indian had inclined him to

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sympathize with their feelings and to see life more or less from their point of view.

“ Yes,” said Orono; “ the magic waters have made many people well since that time long past when Nekumonta went forth to hunt for them, and, finding them, brought them back from the high mountains in the Forbidden Land, to cure his people.”

“ Tell us the story of Nekumonta and the magic waters, good Orono,” said the Factor.

And Orono began, speaking slowly and distinctly as though reading from a book:

“ Early in the fall the rabbit’s hair began to turn white and thick; and the old men shook their heads, saying gravely:

“ ‘ The winter will be upon us soon and it will be long and severe.’

“ And what the old men said came true, as it nearly always does, for they are wise from much knowledge. The fierce winds from the North sent their armies of cold and snow and covered all the land, so that the animals feared to come out. Day after day the hunters went forth into the forest; but no game did they find anywhere. Then came Famine with her red eyes and hollow cheeks, the thin ghost woman, and looked into the wigwams. And with her

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came the plague. Soon there was not, in all the village, a wigwam to which the call from the land of the hereafter had not come. Every day some one said:

“ ‘ My brother is calling me from the future land and I must go.’ ”

“ And at once he set out upon the long trail. There was sorrow in every wigwam all the long winter through; and when the spring came, more than half the people of the village had already gone over the long trail, heeding the call of their brothers who had gone before.

“ ‘ Now the plague will leave us!’ exclaimed the people joyfully; ‘ for the winter is gone and spring is here. Now the animals will come back and we shall no longer suffer from want.’ ”

“ But the plague did not leave when the spring came bringing with it the animals and the plants. And so sore were the hearts of the hunters they did not care to hunt any more; for no one knew when his brothers might call to him to come to them over the long trail.

“ When the beautiful spring days came and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, and all the land was filled with life, the mournful death-chant still rose from the village where the old men and the young men, where

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the mothers and the daughters sang their farewell songs, day and night, day and night, never ceasing. No longer, as in the more fortunate days, did the people smile into the face of smiling spring.

“ Very sorrowful were the old men, the wise men; very sorrowful the shamans and the medicine men; for they had tried all their arts and they had used all their magic and their medicine; and still the plague dwelled day and night in every wigwam. Already the children of Nekumonta, the Great Chief, had heard the call of their brothers and gone away over the long trail; and now Shanewis, his beloved wife, was hot with the burning fever; and she kept saying piteously:

“ ‘ Oh, Nekumonta, my beloved, I hear the voices of my sisters and my children calling to me from the land of the hereafter; and I must follow them over the long trail.’

“ Nekumonta went out of the wigwam sore at heart, and once more he called together the old men, the wise men, the shamans and the medicine men, and said to them:

“ ‘ My children have all gone over the long trail; and now my wife, Shanewis, is hearing the call of her sisters and her sons from the

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land of the hereafter. Try your medicines, your charms, and your dances once more, so that I may not be left altogether lonely.'

"The old men, the wise men, the shamans and the medicine men answered very sorrowfully:

" 'Many times, O Chief, we have tried our charms and our medicines, our songs and our dances; and always they have been of no avail. We are helpless, for the spirits and the magic that work against us are greater than we.'

" 'Is there no way to save Shanewis and my people?' inquired Nekumonta sorrowfully.

" 'Yes, there is one,' said the old men, the wise men, very solemnly; 'but no one has ever dared to make use of it.'

" 'And what is this one way?' asked Nekumonta eagerly.

" 'Somewhere in the world exist the healing waters. He who finds them may surely bring back health to his people.'

" 'And where are the healing waters?' inquired Nekumonta.

" 'Far up in the mountains, within the sacred land of the Manitu,' answered the old men. 'Many have gone to look for them.'

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Some have not returned; but those who have come back have come empty-handed.'

"Out of the council chamber rushed Nekumonta without a word further to any one. Toward the sacred mountain he ran; and as he passed through the village the people cried:

" 'Nekumonta has lost his reason from the famine, the sickness and the fever.'

" 'No,' said the old men. 'He has gone up into the sacred mountain to look for the healing waters.'

"Then through the village ran the news as fire spreads through the dry grass:

" 'Nekumonta has gone up into the sacred mountain to hunt for the healing waters.'

"And all the people waited expectantly for his return.

"Up, up the side of the sacred mountain, through the pine forest, hurried Nekumonta; for three days he hurried, night and day, without stopping, looking everywhere for signs of the healing waters. But never a trace of them did he find. And as he hastened forward, ever the voice of Shanewis rang in his ears:

" 'Oh, Nekumonta, my beloved, I hear the voices of my sisters and my children calling to

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me from the land of the hereafter; and I must follow them over the long trail.'

"Looking eagerly everywhere for the healing waters, in the deep, dark depths of the forest, under the overhanging rocks, in the dry beds of the ancient streams, went Nekumonta. But nowhere did the spirit voices tell him that *there* were the healing waters.

"At last, on the morning of the fourth day, he came to the edge of the Forbidden Forest, into which no one had dared to enter within the memory of the fathers and grandfathers of the people. At the edge of the deep, dark, gloomy, forbidden wood he stopped. He could go no farther. This was forbidden ground. Yet perhaps within that gloomy wood lay the healing waters. They must certainly be there; for that was the home of the Manitu; and he had searched for them everywhere else. But to enter there was certain death! Yet what was death to him now that his children were already gone to the land of the hereafter and his wife was preparing to take the long trail? He would do what man had never before dared to do. He would brave death for the sake of his wife and his suffering people.

"Into the Forbidden Forest went Neku-

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monta, looking ever eagerly about him for signs of the healing waters. On up the steep side of the mountain toward the home of the Manitu he went, though he was weak from long running and fasting. When the sun was already near to his night cave, Nekumonta fell exhausted upon the earth and slept. And as he slept the voice of Shanewis rang in his ears:

“ ‘ Oh, Nekumonta, my beloved, the voices of my sisters and my children are calling to me from the land of the hereafter; and I must follow them over the long trail.’

“ But other spirit voices chided her, saying:

“ ‘ Pay no heed, O Shanewis, to your sisters and your children in the land of the hereafter, for Nekumonta has found the healing waters; and he will bring them back with him and you shall be made well again.’

“ Distinctly Nekumonta could hear the sound of running waters. Far below him they seemed; and as they hurried on unceasing, they called to him:

“ ‘ Nekumonta, we are shut up within our prison house these many years. Open the door and let us out, that we may come and heal the people!’

“ Nekumonta awoke and sprang to his feet,

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all his weariness gone. In every direction he looked for the healing waters; but nowhere did he see any sign of them. He listened attentively and he thought he could hear them ever so faintly hurrying onward, as they had appeared to him in his sleep. He searched for them. He looked for them within the forest, under the cliffs and the rocks in the depths of the ravine; but nowhere did they appear. All his weariness came upon him again; and he sank down upon the earth, just as he had done a short time before. Suddenly, once more, he heard the imprisoned waters calling, in a voice very low and soft, as though from afar off:

“ ‘Nekumonta, we are shut up within our prison house these many years. Open the door for us and let us out that we may heal the people!’ ”

“ From far down within the earth came the voices; from far down within the bosom of the earth came the sound of the feet of many waters as they hurried onward. Up sprang Nekumonta and began to dig and tear with his bare hands the soft forest earth. But soon he came upon gravel and then upon stones. His hands were already torn and bleeding; still he tugged at the stones with desperate energy.

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But tear and tug as he might, he could not move them. Jumping up, he seized the dry limb of a cedar tree and began prying under them. As he worked he could hear the imprisoned waters calling more and more plainly:

“ ‘Open the door for us, Nekumonta, and let us out that we may heal the people!’ ”

“ ‘I am coming!’ he called down to them. ‘Have a little patience, oh, healing waters; for I am opening the door of your prison house to let you out!’ ”

“ Digging and prying with the limb and scooping with his hands the earth and stones, he at last burrowed his way through the earth to the underground channel of the healing waters; and they leaped joyfully through the tiny opening, tearing the earth and the stones aside and making it larger. Into the glad sunshine they sprang lightly, crying:

“ ‘Thanks, good Nekumonta. Take what you will of us to heal your people!’ ”

“ Joyfully Nekumonta dipped his hands in the water, and lo, the scratches and the bruises were all healed instantly.

“ Filling his water bottle with the healing waters, he hurried homeward down the mountain side. Fast as the wind he traveled;

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for the magic waters had given him magic speed.

“The people, who had been waiting anxiously for his coming, saw him from far up the mountain side; and they shouted joyfully:

“‘Nekumonta is coming back. He has found the magic healing waters, for he is running faster than ever man ran before.’

“From the hands of Nekumonta the medicine men took the healing water; and they went about from wigwam to wigwam and bathed the sick with it. Soon the evil spirits of the plague fled from the village; for they could not withstand the magic of the healing waters. First of all the medicine men bathed the burning face of Shanewis; and at once she arose and said:

“‘I have had very strange dreams. I dreamed that my sisters and my children were calling me to the land of the hereafter.’

“And Nekumonta said, ‘The healing waters of the Manitu are good for bad dreams.’

“And all the medicine men exclaimed together with very great wonder:

“‘You have been, Nekumonta, into the Forbidden Forest, to the home of the Manitu?’

“And Nekumonta answered humbly, ‘I

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have been into the Forbidden Forest. I have been to the home of the Manitu.'

"And the people said, wondering, 'Nekumonta has been into the Forbidden Forest. He has been to the home of the Manitu; and he has returned unharmed. Great is the magic of Nekumonta!'

" 'Not so,' answered Nekumonta. 'The Manitu has had pity on his people and he permitted me to enter the Forbidden Forest; to go to his home and release the magic waters, the great healing waters.'

"And the people shouted together:

" 'Great is Nekumonta!'

" 'Kind is the Manitu!' "

V

THE QUEST OF THE MAGIC BOW

LITTLE PIERRE brought into the Wigwam a gaily painted bow which René had made for him.

“It is a magic bow,” he said. “Baptiste says there are enchanted bows with which one can kill anything at a very great distance.”

“It is made to kill giants,” said René gravely.

“Yes; it is made to kill giants,” assented Pierre. “Orono says it is big and strong enough to kill wendigoes. Is it not so, Orono?”

“Yes; a smaller and weaker bow than that, when properly enchanted, has killed wendigoes,” asserted Orono.

“And do you know a story, Orono, of an enchanted bow?” inquired Pierre.

“No, but Baptiste does,” said Orono.

“Oh, good Baptiste, tell us the story of the enchanted bow!” begged the little fellow.

“This is the story they tell by the Father of

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Waters,” said Baptiste. “ This is the story of the Quest of the Magic Bow.

“ Once upon a time, away back in the days of our ancestors, there lived an old chief who had a very beautiful daughter whom he loved better than anything else in all the world. And as she grew up to be a young woman he was very sad; for he thought:

“ ‘ My daughter is certainly a very beautiful young woman and her admirers and suitors increase from day to day. I much fear she will soon marry one of them and go away with him.’

“ As this thought was always in his mind, he grew more miserable from day to day. At last he said to himself with decision:

“ ‘ No one shall have her. I will keep her with me.’

“ The Old Chief was a very great magician; and he determined to use his magic to prevent his daughter from marrying any of her suitors. He made a magic pair of elk horns and suspended them by a magic cord from the ridge-pole of his wigwam. Then he sent notice to all the villages round about that his daughter should marry him who could break apart with his hands the great elk horns that hung from

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the ridgepole of his wigwam; and that with his daughter's hand should go his own wonderful magic bow.

“At this proclamation all the strong young men were glad and all the weak ones were sad; for each of the strong ones thought:

“ ‘ Who is stronger than I? I shall surely win the Old Chief's handsome daughter.’

“ Each of the weak ones grumbled:

“ ‘ Why should the Old Chief make such an unfair contest? Is the strongest man the best hunter? Is he the wisest leader? Is it the strongest man who will have the greatest love for the Old Chief's handsome daughter?’

“ From all over the land came the warriors; came the tall men, the short men; came the weak men and the strong men; came the old men and the young men; came the ugly men and the handsome. Week after week and month after month they came. Yet among them all there was not one stout and strong enough to break in two the magic elk horns in the wigwam of the Old Chief.

“ One day there came into the village a tall, handsome young chief. Unlike the others who had come to seek the hand of the chief's daughter, he did not go at once to her father's wig-

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wam to test his strength on the magic elk horns. He wandered about the village and no one questioned him, for there had been so many strangers of late that no one any longer paid attention to an unknown face. If any one thought anything about the matter when he saw a strange face he said to himself:

“ ‘ It is another young brave come to try his strength on the Old Chief’s elk horns.’

“ The stranger sat down in sight of the Old Chief’s wigwam and began to eat from his game bag. After a while the chief’s daughter came out of the lodge, pitcher in hand, for she was going to the river for water. On her way she passed the young hunter, as he still sat there on the earth, eating from his game bag; and she thought:

“ ‘ Of all the handsome young warriors I have seen this is surely the handsomest.’

“ And as the maiden, tall and graceful, passed on to the water, the young chief said to himself:

“ ‘ This must be the Old Chief’s daughter; for surely in all the land there is not another woman so handsome as she.’

“ He followed her to the river and said:

“ ‘ Are you not the Old Chief’s daughter,

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she whom her father says shall marry him who breaks apart the great elk horns in his wigwam?'

" 'I am his daughter,' she answered; 'and whatever my father wishes, that will I do.'

" 'Will you marry me if I break apart the elk horns?' he inquired.

" 'It is my father's wish; and what he wishes that will I do,' she said.

" 'And would you care to have me for a husband?' he asked, with a winning smile.

" 'You are very handsome,' she answered.

" 'That means I would be easy to love?'

" 'Yes, you would be easy to love.'

" 'Then I shall break apart the great elk horns,' he said.

" 'I am afraid you will not be able to do that; for my father, who is a very great magician, has cast a powerful spell upon them; so that, no matter how strong you may be, you will not be able to overcome it.'

" 'My father, too, was a very great magician; and I have inherited some of his magic,' said the young chief; 'and I shall fight magic with magic.'

" Back to the wigwam together came the stranger and the Old Chief's daughter; and as

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they parted at the door the young chief promised:

“ ‘ To-morrow I shall come and break apart the great elk horns that hang from the ridge-pole of your father’s wigwam and win his beautiful daughter and his enchanted bow.’

“ ‘ I hope you may not fail,’ she said earnestly.

“ ‘ I shall not,’ he assured her.

“ Next morning the stranger came to the lodge and said to the Old Chief:

“ ‘ I have come to break apart the great elk horns that hang from the ridgepole of your lodge and to win the hand of your daughter and your magic bow.’

“ The Old Chief looked at him closely for a moment and said doubtfully:

“ ‘ You are neither very strong nor very stout; yet the strongest and stoutest hunters and warriors in all the land have come and tried to break apart the elk horns which you see there hanging from the ridgepole of my wigwam. If you try you must surely fail. I am tired of being constantly troubled with such as you. So if you fail I shall have the young men whip you out of the village with their bowstrings.’

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“ ‘ Nevertheless I will try,’ said the young warrior.

“ He stepped to the middle of the wigwam, took the horns, one in each hand, snapped them in two as though they had been a twig, and handed them to the Old Chief, who took them, saying:

“ ‘ I am old and the light of my eyes goes out of my home with my daughter whom you have taken from me. Here, too, is my bow; for I no longer have use for it or the magic that is in it.’

“ Four days continued the marriage feast of the Old Chief’s favorite daughter. Then the young chief, with his wife, set out for his own village, taking with him the magic bow of the Old Chief.

“ Scarcely had they gone when the young warriors began to say to one another:

“ ‘ The Old Chief has not acted justly. It is not right that his daughter, the fairest maiden of the village, should have been given to a stranger whom no one knows. And it is still more unfair that his magic bow, which is the property of the tribe, should have gone out from amongst us. Who can say that this stranger is a chief, a warrior or a hunter?

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Who knows if he is able to keep the daughter of our chief as she should be kept? ’

“ ‘The longer the young men talked the more resentful they became. Finally Coyote, one of the rejected lovers of the Old Chief’s daughter, said:

“ ‘Let us go after them and bring them back.’

“ ‘The husband, too?’ inquired Badger, another rejected lover.

“ ‘No,’ said Coyote; ‘we don’t want any strangers in our village; and besides, if the girl comes back with a husband, no one can marry her.’

“ ‘No, we don’t want any strangers in our village,’ repeated the others.

“ ‘Shall we not go after the Old Chief’s magic bow and his daughter and bring them back to the village?’ inquired Coyote.

“ ‘Yes, let us go after them and bring them back,’ assented the others.

“ ‘Let us steal out of the village to-night when every one is asleep,’ said Badger.

“ ‘Yes, let us steal out of the village when every one is asleep,’ agreed the others.

“That same night the young warriors, armed as if for war, stole quietly out of the

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village and hurried in pursuit of the son-in-law of the Old Chief and his young wife. Early in the morning they came to a river, on the bank of which an old man was fishing.

“ ‘ Uncle,’ said Badger, ‘ have you seen a tall young chief with a handsome young wife passing by here lately? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ answered the old man. ‘ About this time two days ago they passed on down the river on this side.’

“ Down the river followed the young braves; and the farther they went, the wider it became. Very fast they traveled, for they were anxious to catch up with the young chief before he reached his own land, where his people might help him.

“ Just at sunset they came to an old woman picking wild berries in the edge of the forest; and Coyote inquired of her:

“ ‘ Aunty, have you seen a tall young chief with a very handsome wife passing by here lately? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ answered the old woman; ‘ they passed by here at noon yesterday, going down the river.’

“ The following morning the young braves were up before sunrise, for they said:

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“ ‘ We must catch up with the chief’s daughter and her husband before they reach their home. They must be near there now and they must surely reach there before night.’

“ So all day they traveled very fast; and late in the afternoon they caught sight of the young chief and his wife, still journeying on down the river.

“ ‘ Let us keep them in sight,’ said Coyote. ‘ If they camp for the night, we can fall upon them in the dark; but if they cross the river to go into the land of the Crows, we can easily shoot the husband.’

“ ‘ That’s a good plan,’ agreed Badger; ‘ but we must kill him before he catches sight of us; for he has the Old Chief’s magic bow; and that is well worth a hundred men.’

“ Soon the young chief and his wife pitched their camp for the night; and when it was dark the young braves fell upon them and, killing the husband, took the Old Chief’s daughter and the magic bow. As they had dressed and painted themselves like a party of Crows on the warpath, the young woman did not know they were braves from her own village.

“ One of the warriors guarded her while the others held a council to decide what to do with

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her; for now that they had her, they were afraid of the anger of the Old Chief.

“ ‘ You may have her for wife, Badger,’ said Coyote.

“ ‘ No,’ said Badger; ‘ she never liked me; besides, you were the first to think of going after her and bringing her back to the village.’

“ ‘ Let us take her to the land of the Crows,’ suggested Coyote, ‘ and let her escape to one of their villages. There are many young men there who have tried to win her hand; and they will not allow her to get back home.’

“ ‘ Yes, let us take her to the land of the Crows,’ agreed the others.

“ They took her to the land of the Crows; and there they camped for the night in the edge of the forest, in sight of a village. That night they placed her between two warriors, as was their custom in guarding prisoners; for they had not bound her hands out of respect for the fact that she was the daughter of their chief; and she, finding, as she thought, both her guards asleep, stole quietly out of the encampment and made her way to the Crow village. There she learned that no Crows had been on the warpath and that none of them had been out of the village that day or out of any other

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Crow village, owing to the great spring dance which was being celebrated everywhere throughout the land of the Crows. She said to herself:

“ ‘ Surely these men who killed my husband must have been the young braves from our own village; and they must have followed us for the magic bow of my father.’

“ The more she thought of it, the more sure she was that among the attacking party were Coyote and Badger.

“ When the chief of the Crows learned from the Old Chief’s daughter how her husband had been killed, he said:

“ ‘ I will go with my warriors and avenge his death.’

“ But the Chief’s daughter answered, ‘ I will not make war upon my people to be revenged upon the slayer of my husband. Some day I shall find his murderers; and then they shall know that I am my father’s daughter. If you will let me, I will stay here; for I do not care to go back home and live among my enemies.’

“ ‘ Yes, stay with us,’ said the chief.

“ ‘ Yes, stay with us,’ repeated the young warriors.

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“ So the Old Chief’s daughter made her home among the Crows. In time she married a son of the chief. But she never forgot her first husband; and as soon as her young son was able to understand, she told him the story of his father’s death; many times she repeated it; and always, when she had finished her tale, she said:

“ ‘ Some day, my son, you will go to the land of your grandfather; and there you will find the murderers of your father, and you will pay them back for what they have done; and you will get your father’s magic knife and your grandfather’s magic bow.’

“ And the little fellow promised:

“ ‘ Mother, when I am big enough, I will surely find the murderers of my father; and I will pay them back for what they have done to him; and take from them the magic knife of my father and the magic bow of my grandfather.’

“ As the little grandson of the Old Chief grew up every one called him Sunny Face because he smiled so often and was always good-natured. But though he wore a smiling face there was often a very black shadow in his heart, when he thought of the death of his fa-

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ther and the theft of the magic bow of his grandfather; and he longed for the day when he should be old and big enough to go and find the murderers.

“At last the time came when Sunny Face had to perform the religious fast preparatory to becoming a young warrior. Alone he went up into the mountains. Four days he fasted, and on the night of the fourth day the Great Thunder Bird came down to him out of the clouds on the heights and said:

“ ‘ Sunny Face, go a little farther up the mountain, and there you will find a spring. Bathe in it, and you will receive the strength, the wisdom and the cunning you pray for. Take this spear and dip it in the waters, too, so that it may receive their magic virtue.’

“ Sunny Face went on up the mountain side; and there he found a wonderfully clear pool formed by a spring under a great overhanging rock. He stripped off his clothes and bathed in it; and at once he felt himself grown strong and wise. When he had dipped the spear of the Great Thunder Bird in the water, it became like a thing of fire in his hands. He hurled it against a great rock, and the rock split in two with a noise like thunder.

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“Joyfully Sunny Face went on his way home; and when he reached the wigwam his mother said:

“ ‘ My son, did you see the spirits? ’

“ And he answered, ‘ No, Mother; but I met the Great Thunder Bird.’

“And the mother said, ‘ Why, that is the greatest of all the spirits; for he dwells in the sky-land or the earth-land, as he pleases; and when he speaks his voice is heard from mountain peak to mountain peak and from hill to valley. What gift have you, my son, from the Great Thunder Bird? ’

“ ‘ He has given me this spear,’ said Sunny Face.

“ ‘ And what can you do with it? ’ inquired his mother.

“ ‘ I can split rocks with it,’ answered Sunny Face.

“ He threw the spear against a great rock and it split into many pieces.

“ ‘ That is indeed a wonderful spear!’ exclaimed the Old Chief’s daughter. ‘ What else can you do with it? ’

“ Sunny Face threw the spear into the long grass and it set the prairie on fire. Again it returned to him.

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“ ‘That is indeed a very wonderful spear,’ said his mother. ‘With it you will be able to meet the magic of the murderers of your father and bring back the magic bow of your grandfather.’

“ ‘I shall set out to-morrow to find them,’ said the boy.

“As Sunny Face bade his mother good-by the following morning, she said:

“ ‘My son, be careful; for the men you are going against are cunning and strong. One of them has the magic bow of your grandfather. You will know it, for it is as red as blood; and it is longer by half than most bows; for your grandfather was a very tall and powerful man. They also have your father’s magic knife, on the handle of which are carved mystic symbols. When you see the bow and the knife you will know that you have found the murderers of your father.’

“ ‘I will be very careful, Mother,’ said Sunny Face. ‘No one shall know I am the grandson of the Old Chief, your father.’

“For four days Sunny Face traveled by day and rested by night; and on the evening of the fourth day he came to the land of his grandfather. He knew it at once, though he

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had never seen it; for his mother had described it as a great flat country bordering on a mighty river along which were many plantations of corn, beans and squashes; while beyond the river was a dark forest of very old and tall trees. From the rough bark of these great trees the wigwams were built. For his grandfather was chief of the forest people.

“Sunny Face’s mother had been careful to teach him the language of her own village; for she said to herself:

“ ‘Some day he will find the murderers of his father and punish them and become the great chief of my people.’

“Sunny Face went boldly down through the great flat country toward the village of his grandfather. Speaking the tongue of his people he knew he would be welcomed, for his grandfather was Great Chief of all the villages speaking his language. Down along the river bank went Sunny Face until he reached the village; and there he came upon a woman by the river at the same place where his father had met his mother twenty years before. She was middle-aged; and he saluted her pleasantly, saying:

“ ‘Good morning, Aunty.’

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“ ‘ Good morning, son,’ she answered, looking at him with a surprised and puzzled expression.

“ ‘ You cannot be the young hunter who broke apart the magic elk horns of the Old Chief and married his daughter,’ she exclaimed, ‘ for that was many years ago and you are but a boy. But you look like him. Perhaps you are his younger brother? ’

“ ‘ I am a stranger here and have never been in this part of the country before,’ said Sunny Face. ‘ Will you not tell me the story of the chief who broke apart the magic deer horns of the Old Chief and married his daughter? ’

“ ‘ But you speak the language of our people!’ said the woman.

“ ‘ Yes, I belong to your people. But I come from a village far down the river, and I should like to know all about my cousins,’ he said with a smile. ‘ So please tell me about the young chief who married the Old Chief’s daughter.’

“ The woman related to him the tradition of his father and his mother, as it was still told in the village.

“ When she had finished, Sunny Face inquired:

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“ ‘What became of the young chief and his wife? Have they not returned to visit the village?’

“ ‘No,’ said the woman, looking about her fearfully. Then she added, almost in a whisper:

“ ‘They say here in the village that the young men followed them and killed them both because of the magic bow the Old Chief gave the young chief, his son-in-law.’

“ ‘Did they get the magic bow?’ inquired Sunny Face with interest.

“ ‘Yes,’ said the woman. ‘Coyote has the bow; and because of it he has become the greatest of all warriors and the most skilful of hunters. He is now the great chief of all the villages. It is because he has this bow that the people say he killed the young hunter with his own hands.’

“ ‘And what do you think, Aunty?’ asked Sunny Face.

“ ‘I do not know,’ she answered. ‘It may have been Coyote who killed him; or it may have been Badger.’

“ ‘And why do you think it may have been Badger?’

“ ‘Because ever since the young men re-

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turned, twenty years ago, from following, as the people say, the Old Chief's daughter and her husband, Badger has worn a long bone knife on the handle of which are magic symbols; and it is like the one the young chief had when he tore apart the magic elk horns in the wigwam of the chief. It is this knife, with its mystic symbols, so every one says, that has given him such wonderful power in magic and made him the greatest of all medicine men.'

" 'Thank you, Aunty. You are a very good story-teller,' said Sunny Face. 'Did you know the Old Chief's daughter?'

" 'She was my sister,' said the woman; 'and I loved her very much. This is why I hate Coyote and Badger.'

" She looked about fearfully.

" 'I had not meant to say that,' she said. 'But you are so like the handsome young chief, my sister's husband, that I forgot myself for a moment when I thought of him. You will not tell them, for they would kill me as they killed them both.'

" 'You need not fear,' said Sunny Face. 'For that young chief was my father; and you must be in truth my aunt.'

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“ ‘ You must not go into the village, for they will surely recognize you, you are so much like your father,’ said the aunt.

“ ‘ But I *must* go into the village,’ protested Sunny Face. ‘ I have come here to know my people and to punish the murderers of my father.’

“ ‘ Then wait until it is night. As there is no moon now, it is very dark. I will come here for you and take you into the village and hide you in our wigwam. There you will meet your grandfather, who will be very glad to see you; and he will tell you all about the village and about Coyote and Badger.’

“ ‘ My grandfather, the Old Chief, is still alive?’

“ ‘ Yes; but he is very old and he has taken no interest in his people and his office since his daughter, your mother, went away with her husband.’

“ ‘ Does he know that Coyote has the magic bow?’

“ ‘ No, for Coyote has painted it black and has warned every one to say nothing about it to your grandfather.’

“ ‘ Then come for me when it is dark,’ said Sunny Face. ‘ It is better for me to speak to

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my grandfather before any one knows I am here.'

"That night, before the moon had risen, the aunt came to the washing place by the river for Sunny Face and led him through the village to her own wigwam, where his grandfather, the Old Chief, was anxiously waiting his arrival; for the aunt had told the wonderful news that his daughter was still alive, and that her son and his grandson, Sunny Face, had come to visit him from the land of the Crows.

"It was so dark they could scarcely see the forms of the wigwams as they went through the village and had any one been out as they passed he could not have recognized them.

"When Sunny Face had related to his grandfather all that had happened to his mother and his father, the Old Chief was very angry; and he said:

" 'Grandson, I have not done right. I have not looked after the interests of my people. Now I am too old. You must take my place. But first you must recover the magic bow and punish those who killed your father.'

"And Sunny Face answered:

" 'These are the words of my mother. These are the things she has taught me from my child-

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hood. 'I shall certainly recover the magic bow and punish the murderers of my father.'

"Coyote and Badger learned, by their magic, that the grandson of the Old Chief had returned; and they said:

" 'This boy must have told the Old Chief all that we have done. He is, no doubt, very angry; but he is so old and so many years have passed since he ruled his people that the young men have forgotten him; and the old men who remember him and would be willing to help him are as old and as helpless as himself. So he will not be able to make trouble. But with the young fellow it is quite different, if he is like his grandfather or his father or both. We must watch him so that he will not have a chance to escape; and we must kill him before he has time to make trouble.'

"The old aunt, who was a very clever person and knew all that went on in the village, soon learned of the plans of Coyote and Badger; and she said to Sunny Face:

" 'Nephew, Coyote and Badger are coming to-night to kill you; so you must leave here before dark, for they are going to come with all the young warriors to take you as a spy from the land of the Crows. And if they find

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you here they may kill me and your grandfather too for hiding you. You must dress in your grandfather's clothes and put on his magic moccasins and his magic mittens which he has not worn since your mother went away; and I will take you out for a walk, as I do him every day. No one will suspect that anything is wrong; for Coyote and Badger do not know that I have learned their plans.'

"The old aunt dressed up Sunny Face to look like his tall, bent old grandfather; and she put a blanket about his head as the old man was accustomed to do; for it was still early spring and the air was chilly. With his magic spear for a staff and the old aunt supporting him, he went forth boldly in the mid-afternoon, through the village. No one paid any attention to them; for they were all accustomed to seeing the old aunt helping her father take his daily walk.

"But as they came out of the village and down to the river near the washing place, they passed Coyote and Badger on their way back from the forest.

"Coyote said to Badger, 'The Old Chief is very feeble to-day.'

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“And Badger assented, ‘Yes, the Old Chief is very feeble to-day.’

“ ‘He is *too* feeble,’ said Coyote. ‘Old men don’t grow that feeble in a day.’

“ ‘That’s so,’ agreed Badger; ‘old men don’t grow that feeble in a day.’

“ ‘I have long suspected that old woman,’ said Coyote, pointing to the aunt, ‘of being a witch. Now I am sure of it; for either she has bewitched the Old Chief or that is not he.’

“ ‘Let us go into the chief’s wigwam and see if he is there,’ suggested Badger. Together they went into the wigwam, as they had often done before, for they had made a practice of going to salute the Old Chief daily. So no one paid any attention to them as they pulled aside the buffalo robe over the door and entered.

“ ‘There is no one here,’ said Coyote.

“ ‘You see, Coyote,’ said Badger, ‘it was really the Old Chief we saw going out for his daily walk with his daughter. But he is certainly growing old fast.’

“Coyote shook his head. He was not satisfied.

“ ‘It seems so,’ he said. ‘Yet I am going to

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follow those two; for the woman is a witch and I do not trust her.'

" 'You will have your trouble for your pains,' laughed Badger.

" 'Very likely,' said Coyote; 'but I shall have satisfied myself that things are right or wrong.'

" Though Coyote and Badger did not find the Old Chief in the wigwam, he was there all the same; for the old aunt had expected just such a visit as this. So she said to her father:

" 'It is likely, when Coyote and Badger find that we have gone out, that they will come here to look for Sunny Face, whom they believe is hidden here. If they do not see him they will think he has gone out into the forest. But if they should find you here, they would know we were playing a trick upon them. I must cover you up under that pile of skins. Even should they suspect that Sunny Face is hidden there, I do not think they will dare rummage about in the chief's wigwam in broad daylight.'

" So when Sunny Face and the old aunt went out of the wigwam, they left the Old Chief securely hidden beneath the winter furs.

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“ Off toward the forest went Coyote in the direction opposite to that taken by the old aunt and Sunny Face; for he did not care to have any one know he was following them. But as soon as he had reached the wood, he turned toward the river and hastened after them. From among the trees where he was hidden he could see them; for they were still in sight of the village and walking very slowly along the sandy shore of the stream. Soon, however, they rounded a bend in the river which hid them from sight of the people of the village. Here Sunny Face straightened up suddenly, threw his blanket from his head and said, with a laugh:

“ ‘ You are a witch, Aunt; for you have brought me through the heart of the village and the midst of my enemies, and no one, not even Badger or Coyote, suspects that I am not my own grandfather.’

“ ‘ Don’t be too sure of that,’ said the aunt. ‘ I feel certain that both Coyote and Badger have visited our wigwam before this. They pretend to be very friendly with my father; and they visit him every day and pay their respects to him as the high chief. But they are always looking with inquisitive, prying eyes,

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seeking to see what they can see. And now that they know you must have told your grandfather many things they had kept hidden from him until you came to the village, they will surely take this opportunity of looking into our wigwam.'

"They passed on and Coyote heard no more. But he had learned all he wanted to learn. So he hurried back to find Badger and to tell him that he had been right after all; and that it was not the Old Chief but his grandson who had accompanied the aunt.

" 'They must have learned that we are going to pay them a visit to-night,' said Badger.

" 'I told you that woman is a witch,' said Coyote. 'She learns everything.'

" 'Let us go to the wigwam of the Old Chief and search for him. He must be hidden in it. When we find him, we will ask him why he hides himself in his own wigwam, while his daughter goes out with some one disguised as him.'

" 'That's a good idea,' said Badger; 'for even if he is the high chief, he has no business keeping a spy in the village and hiding him from the people.'

"They went to the wigwam, pulled aside

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the robe over the door and entered; and there sat the Old Chief and his daughter, looking as unconcerned as though nothing out of the way had happened.

“ ‘ You have had a long walk, Chief,’ said Coyote.

“ ‘ Yes, I have had a long walk,’ answered the Old Chief.

“ ‘ You didn’t meet any stranger on the way?’ inquired Coyote.

“ ‘ No, we met no stranger on the way,’ answered the Old Chief.

“ The aunt went on preparing the supper as though she were not in the least interested in the conversation; but she was thinking:

“ ‘ Coyote is very clever and he suspects something. It is lucky I hurried back and got into the wigwam before they came, without any one seeing me.’

“ ‘ You came back quickly,’ said Coyote.

“ ‘ Yes, we came back quickly,’ agreed the Old Chief. ‘ We went out through the village, but we returned the back way through the forest, which is much shorter.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said Coyote, ‘ the way through the village *was* roundabout.’

“ And the old aunt, listening with all her

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ears, thought there was a strange meaning in his voice.

“ ‘May you have more pleasant walks, Chief,’ said Badger.

“ ‘May you have more pleasant walks, Chief,’ repeated Coyote.

“ When they had come out of the wigwam, Coyote said:

“ ‘Let us follow the grandson of the Old Chief. He has surely come here to spy and to take back information to the Crows. We must not let him get back home again.’

“ ‘No,’ agreed Badger, ‘we must not let him get back home again.’

“ They traveled all night and early in the morning they picked up the trail of Sunny Face.

“ ‘He is not much of a warrior or hunter, or he would not leave a trail like this,’ said Coyote.

“ ‘Perhaps he is not afraid. He may be a great medicine man,’ suggested Badger.

“ ‘Great medicine man or not, this trail is bad,’ insisted Coyote; ‘for even a great medicine man may meet a greater medicine man than himself. Then of what use is his enchantment?’

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“ ‘That is quite true,’ agreed Badger. ‘He must, as you say, be a very poor hunter and warrior. This is lucky for us, since it makes it easier for us to capture or kill him.’

“They had not gone far when the trail branched out into two ways, one going in one direction and the other going in the other; and neither Badger nor Coyote could tell, with all their woodcraft, which was Sunny Face’s trail and which was not; and for a very good reason. Sunny Face had gone down one trail very swiftly with his magic moccasins. Then he had crossed the river and coming back on the other side, he had made a second trail, for he wished to separate Badger and Coyote.

“ ‘You take one trail and I’ll take the other,’ said Badger to Coyote.

“ ‘That’s an easy way out of the difficulty,’ agreed Coyote.

“Badger took the upper trail and Coyote took the one close to the shore of the river. Badger had not gone far when he saw Sunny Face some distance ahead, climbing the side of a high treeless hill. He hurried to catch up with him. But go as fast as he would, he could get no closer; for when he went fast Sunny

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Face went fast, and when he went slow Sunny Face went slow. If he stopped Sunny Face stopped also, without ever looking backward or giving any sign he knew Badger was on his trail.

“At last Badger grew angry, and he drew his bow, saying:

“‘It is just as I thought. This grandson of the Old Chief is not much of a warrior. He would sooner trust to his heels than fight. He thinks he is at a safe distance, but he does not know the range of the magic bow of his grandfather.’

“Coyote let fly the arrow and followed its flight with his eye. Straight to its object it went and he laughed slyly, thinking:

“‘The wisdom of the grandson is not so great as the wisdom of the grandfather.’

“But just when the arrow should have reached its object there was no one there; for Sunny Face had taken a leap ahead with his magic moccasins, and the arrow fell behind him.

“Badger ran very fast and soon he was again within shooting distance of Sunny Face. And again he shot an arrow. But again Sunny Face leaped ahead out of reach of it,

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without looking behind him or appearing to notice it.

“ This made Coyote still more angry, and again he ran swiftly until he was once more within shooting distance, and he shot a third arrow much more strongly than before. But this time Sunny Face leaped right over the mountain top, and as Coyote ran after him, he struck the great peak a mighty blow with his magic mittens, and broke it off and sent it thundering down the hillside on top of him.

“ Sunny Face went back down the mountain over the trail, and on the way he picked up the magic bow of his grandfather, over which the huge rock had rolled without injuring it in the least.

“ Taking up the trail of Badger, Sunny Face hurried forward with his magic moccasins and soon came up behind him. Then he cut through the wood and came out on the trail some distance ahead of him, on the bank of the river.

“ As soon as Badger saw him, he shot an arrow at him. But Sunny Face made a great lake between himself and Badger, and the latter had to go round the shore of the lake to come up with him. Very swiftly he ran, for he

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was the fastest of all runners and he had the strength of the magic symbols of the magic knife. When he had gone completely round the lake he shot a second arrow. But Sunny Face made a great bay between himself and Badger, who had to run all around the shore of the bay to reach him. Again he shot an arrow, but this time Sunny Face leaped across the wide river. Badger leaped into the river and swam across, for he was the swiftest of all swimmers, and again he shot an arrow. But Sunny Face, jumping high into the air, let it pass under him and ran into the forest; and Badger followed him. When they were deep within the wood, Sunny Face threw his magic spear among the trees and set them on fire. Fiercely it raged and Badger, who could not find his way out, was burned up.

“Again Sunny Face threw his magic spear into the forest and put the fire out. Then he went back over the trail and picked up the magic knife of his father with the mystic symbols on it, which was uninjured because of the magic power in it. Hurrying to the river, he followed its bank downward to the land of the Crows. He had not gone far when he came to a wigwam outside of which sat five very beau-

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tiful maidens, all with their backs to him so that they had not seen him as he approached.

“ One of the maidens said to the others:

“ ‘ Last night I had a strange dream. I dreamt that a very handsome young chief came down the river to take me away with him and make me queen of his tribe.’

“ At this the other maidens laughed and sprang up, saying:

“ ‘ How happy we are to have a queen in the family, and such a very handsome young chief for a brother-in-law.’

“ ‘ You will find me a very handsome husband too!’ cried one.

“ ‘ And you will fish me one out of the river of your dreams!’ cried another.

“ ‘ But what good will a shadow man be?’ cried a third.

“ ‘ What better mate could a dream maiden have than a dream man?’ cried the fourth maiden.

“ At this they all laughed heartily, and the dream maiden ran into the wigwam followed by the others.

“ ‘ I had better bring them out again,’ said Sunny Face, as he threw his magic spear into the trunk of a great cedar tree and set it on

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fire from top to bottom. It made such a bright light and crackled so as it burned that all the maidens ran out of the wigwam to find out what had happened. They were very much frightened for they could not imagine how the tree had got on fire so suddenly, for the day was bright and there was not a cloud in the sky.

“While they were all gathered around the burning tree and talking excitedly about it, Sunny Face changed himself into a very old man, and lying down on the earth close by, began to groan loudly; and all the maidens turned about to see who it was that was making so much noise and what it was that he wanted. When they saw it was a very ragged and ugly old man, one of the maidens said:

“‘Let him die, for he is better dead than alive; and besides, we have no place for him in our wigwam.’

“‘Yes, let him die, for he is better dead than alive!’ said a second maiden.

“‘Yes, let him die, for he is better dead than alive!’ repeated two more maidens.

“But the fifth maiden, who appeared to be the youngest, cried:

“‘Sisters, he is very old and weak and he

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must be tired and hungry. Let us carry him into our wigwam and give him something to eat!’

“ But the one who had spoken first said:

“ ‘ You may do as you please, but I am not going to adopt my grandfather.’

“ At this the others laughed loudly and ran away to the wigwam, saying:

“ ‘ No, we are not going to adopt our grandfather.’

“ The youngest sister got the old man on her back, carried him into the wigwam, laid him gently down upon a bed of furs and gave him the best in the place to eat, and all the while the other sisters mocked her, saying:

“ ‘ Truly her dream has come true. A very handsome lover has come down the river for her; and now she is giving him the best in the place to eat, as it is fit and proper a maiden should do for her future husband.’

“ ‘ And what a handsome lover he is!’ exclaimed one of the sisters mockingly.

“ ‘ Yes, what a handsome lover he is!’ laughed all the others.

“ But the youngest sister paid no attention to them. Her heart was sad for the poor old man, and she went on serving him with the

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daintiest pieces without answering her sisters by word or look.

“ All at once Sunny Face resumed his own form and said, addressing the youngest sister:

“ ‘ I shall be pleased to be the lover you saw in your dream if you will let me. For a maiden with such a kind heart must surely make a good wife.’

“ And the youngest sister answered:

“ ‘ The lover I saw in my dreams was exactly like you, tall and noble and handsome.’

“ Sunny Face went on down the river to the land of the Crows, taking with him the youngest sister who there became his wife. And the Crows gave them a great wedding feast such as they would have given to their highest chief. Thus the youngest sister’s dream came true.

“ When the wedding feast was over, Sunny Face, accompanied by his wife and his mother, went back to his own people where his grandfather and his aunt were very glad to see him again and his mother and his wife.

“ Sunny Face became chief of the tribe, and every one said he was a very great chief and a wonderful medicine man.”

VI

OTTER HEART OF THE ENCHANTED FOREST

THE misty haze of autumn hung about the forest uplands, dimming and blending them into one almost continuous mass in which no individual trees were distinguishable.

“Look!” exclaimed Orono, pointing to the mist-covered, forest-crowned uplands. “One would say that was the Enchanted Forest of Glooskap.”

“Why does it look like the Enchanted Forest of Glooskap, Orono?” inquired the Factor.

“All about it lies thick smoke, just as if the Manitu had blown it from his pipe,” answered Orono.

“Tell us about the enchantment that comes when the Manitu blows the smoke from his pipe, thick about the forest,” said the Lawyer.

“When the Manitu wills it, it is so,” said Orono. “When he blows his sacred smoke about the hills or the forest and says, ‘Become enchanted!’ they become enchanted.”

“Do you think that land above is en-

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chanted?" inquired Baptiste with evident interest.

"Who can tell the will of the Manitu?" answered Orono. "Sometimes he smokes his pipe and all the land is glad as the Manitu himself. But when he puffs furiously, and the smoke, floating out in great bands, settles nowhere, then he is angry. Then it is that he says, 'Become enchanted!' and wherever he casts his eyes there is enchantment."

"That's so," assented Baptiste. "There are many enchanted forests. I have heard of them all the way from Quebec to the great mountains of the west. In the olden days there were more of them than there are now."

"Have you ever heard the story of Otter Heart of the Enchanted Forest?" inquired Orono.

"No, Orono, we have not heard the story of Otter Heart of the Enchanted Forest. Will you not tell it to us?" said the Lawyer.

"This," said Orono, "is the story of Otter Heart. This is the story of the Enchanted Forest:

"Once upon a time a boy named Otter Heart and his sister lived in a great wood with their mother. The boy hunted far into the

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forest; fished in all the rivers and streams and chased the deer high up on the mountain side. But never, on his hunting or fishing trips, did he meet with a single human being. Much he thought about this, for he had never known any one but his mother and his sister. As there was no one else in the forest to speak to, he made friends of the animals of the wood, who taught him many of their secrets. The oldest of the Owls imparted to him her wisdom, and the big chief of the Beavers taught him the cunning and the magic of his people. So he grew up to be a great hunter, wise in all the ways of the forest.

“ One day as Otter Heart was walking along the river bank and wondering whether there were other people in the world besides his mother, his sister and himself, he passed by, without noticing him, his friend the big chief of all the Beavers, who was cutting his supply of fresh young poplar for the winter.

“ ‘ Good day, Otter Heart!’ called the Beaver from the poplar grove. ‘ You must be working up some powerful magic, since you are thinking so hard.’

“ ‘ Good day, Big Chief of all the Beavers!’ returned Otter Heart. ‘ I am not working up

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great magic, brother. I was just wondering if there are other people in the world besides my mother, my sister and myself.'

"The big chief of all the Beavers laughed heartily. 'Of course there are,' he said. 'The world is full of people.'

"Then why have I never met or seen any of them?' inquired Otter Heart.

"Because this is an Enchanted Forest, in which only the animals and the Supernatural People are permitted to live,' said the Beaver.

"And why are my mother, my sister and myself allowed to remain in this Enchanted Forest?' asked Otter Heart.

"That I can't say,' said the Beaver. 'Ask the oldest of all the Owls. Perhaps she knows, for she is very wise.'

"Otter Heart set out for the home of the oldest of all the Owls, which was in a dense, dark part of the forest. He found the owl nodding, for even the half-light of the forest made her sleepy.

"Good day, wisest of all the birds!' Otter Heart called to her, where she was sitting high up upon the dead branch of a dry cedar.

"Good day, Otter Heart!' the bird called to him in a sleepy, grumbling voice. 'Why

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do you come and wake me up at this unearthly hour of the day? Can't you call around at night when I have finished my sleep?'

" 'Don't be angry, wisest of all the birds!' said Otter Heart. 'I have come to you because you are so wise, and there is something I want very much to know.'

" 'And what is it you want to know so much that you come and wake me out of my sleep?' asked the Owl, still in a grumbling voice.

" 'Tell me, oh, wise one, why it is that only my mother, my sister and myself are permitted to live with the animals and the Supernatural People in this Enchanted Forest?'

" The Owl opened her large round eyes, looked solemnly at Otter Heart and asked very gravely:

" 'Who told you the forest is enchanted?'

" 'I know it is enchanted,' answered Otter Heart; 'for if it were not, other hunters would surely come here where the game is so plentiful in the wood and the fish so many in the rivers.'

" 'Your mother brought you and your sister here. Ask her!' said the Owl.

" As Otter Heart made his way back home through the wood, he thought of the great out-

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side world and the many people living beyond the Enchanted Forest.

“ That night, when his sister had lain down upon her bed of furs and had gone to sleep, Otter Heart asked his mother:

“ ‘ Why is it, Mother, that only you, my sister and I are allowed to live in this Enchanted Forest? ’

“ ‘ Who says the forest is enchanted? ’ asked his mother.

“ ‘ I know it is enchanted,’ answered Otter Heart; ‘ for if it were not, other hunters would come here where the game is so plentiful in the wood and the fish so many in the rivers.’

“ ‘ When you and your sister were little children,’ said his mother, ‘ a wicked Wolf-wizard killed your father by his enchantments. He also tried to kill you, your sister and me. But I fled with you both on my back, far into the forest, without knowing or caring where I was going. I thought only of getting beyond the power of the wizard’s enchantment. After many days’ journey I came to this open space by the river, and here I built a wigwam of bark, for I saw that here there were plenty of wild fruits, roots, game and fish. And here I have lived ever since. It is because the forest

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is enchanted that the wizard has not been able to follow us here.'

" 'Mother,' exclaimed Otter Heart, 'I am going out into the great world beyond the Enchanted Forest, to find and punish the Wolf-wizard who killed my father.'

" 'No, no! you must not do that!' exclaimed his mother; 'for the wizard is all-powerful, and he will surely kill you as he killed your father.'

" 'No, Mother, he will not kill me,' said Otter Heart, 'for I have learned the mystery and magic of the forest people. From the big chief of all the Beavers and the oldest of all the Owls I have learned them. They are the wisest of all the forest people. If the Wolf-wizard has not come here, it is because their magic is stronger than his.'

" 'Yes, that must be so,' agreed his mother. 'I suppose that some day you will leave the forest, for you will not be content to live here always. But whenever you do leave here, you must be very careful, for the Wolf-wizard is wondrous wise and powerful.'

" From that day Otter Heart could think of nothing but the great outside world beyond the Enchanted Forest, with its many people like

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himself, his mother and his sister. He wondered if they were really like himself. It all seemed very strange to him.

“Had they sisters and mothers like his? Often, too, he thought of Wolf-wizard and wondered if he were still alive. He hoped so, for he wanted very much to go and punish him for the murder of his father. Day and night, the great unknown land kept calling to him until at last he could resist the call no longer. So he went to his mother and said:

“ ‘To-morrow I am going to set out for the outside world to find Wolf-wizard and punish him. I must go, Mother, for the voices keep calling to me all the time, day and night.’

“ ‘If the voices call to you, then you must go, Otter Heart,’ said his mother. ‘But be very careful about the Wolf-wizard; for though you have learned the knowledge of the forest people, it may be that, in his own country, his magic is stronger than yours.’

“ ‘Never fear, Mother,’ said Otter Heart. ‘I am not afraid of the magic of the Wolf-wizard.’

“Next morning Otter Heart said to his sister:

“ ‘Bring me eight pairs of moccasins, sis-

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ter, for I am going on a long journey to the outside world.'

"His sister brought him from the store which she had been making for the winter, eight pairs of new moccasins, beautifully embroidered with quills and shells.

"Putting the moccasins in the bosom of his hunting shirt, Otter Heart set out upon his journey. At noon he came to a clearing in the forest. The corn, bean and squash patches were all overgrown with weeds and the stumps of the trees were old and rotten.

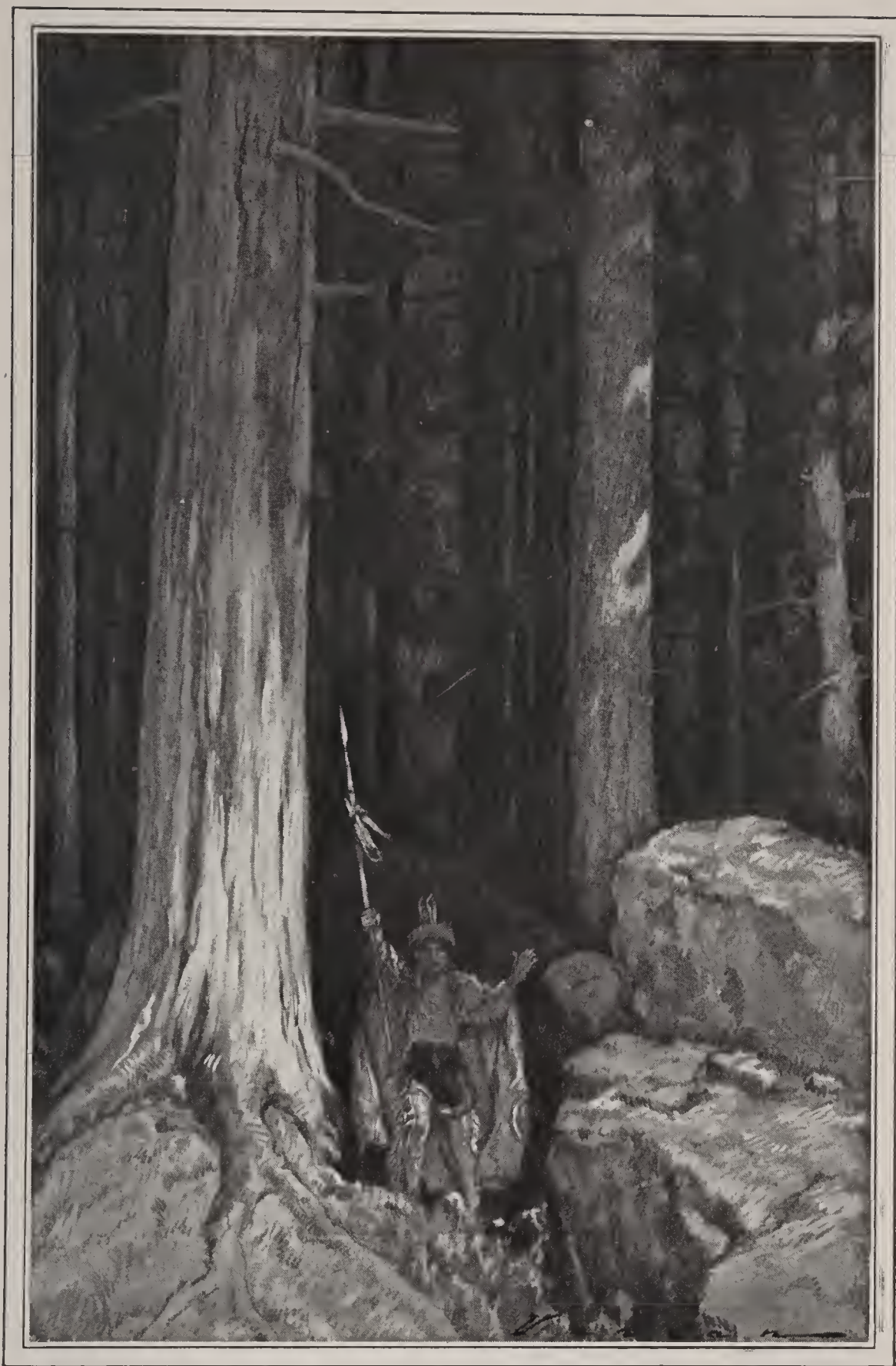
" 'It is many a day since any one has lived here,' he thought.

"Taking one of the moccasins from the bosom of his hunting shirt he hung it upon a tree, saying:

" 'Oh, good moccasin, guard the trail from here to the house of my mother until I come back over it again.'

"Then he went on his way to the great outside world. All the afternoon he tramped on through the forest, and at sunset he came to another clearing. Here too the corn, bean and squash patches were all overgrown with weeds and the stumps were old and rotten.

" 'It is many a day since any one has been



“Otter Heart came out of the Enchanted Forest.”
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here,' he said. 'This place must be within the Enchanted Forest.'

"Otter Heart slept in the clearing that night and the following morning he was up just as the great red sun was peeping above the horizon. Hanging a second moccasin on a tree he said:

" 'Oh, good moccasin, help to guard the trail from here to the house of my mother until I come back over it again.'

"Thus he journeyed day after day. Whenever he came to a clearing he hung a moccasin on a tree, saying:

" 'Oh, good moccasin, help to guard the trail from here to the house of my mother until I come back over it again!'

"At last, when all the moccasins but one were hanging on trees, Otter Heart came out of the Enchanted Forest on to the great prairie land where there were no trees, and he thought:

" 'This must be the land of Wolf-wizard, for it is, as my mother has described it, without trees as far as the eye can see.'

"At the edge of the forest he hung the last of the eight pairs of moccasins on a tree, saying:

" 'Oh, good moccasin, help to guard the

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trail from here to the house of my mother till I come back over it again!’

“Across the treeless, prairie country he walked for several hours, and in the afternoon he came to a village in front of which a number of young men were playing lacrosse, while all the people, old and young, were watching them. Right up to the ball field went Otter Heart boldly, and there he stopped to watch the players. So interested were all the spectators in the game that no one paid attention to him. One side seemed much weaker than the other, and Otter Heart sympathized with the weaker side. As they began to show more and more signs of weakness, he shouted to them words of encouragement. Then the spectators began to pay attention to him and to wonder greatly at his appearance, for his clothing was like none they had ever seen before.

“The Great Chief ordered Otter Heart to be brought before him, and when this had been done he said:

“‘Stranger, what is your tribe and where do you come from?’

“‘I have come out of the wood, and there I belong,’ answered Otter Heart, pointing to the forest.

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“ ‘Not from there!’ exclaimed the chief. ‘That is the Enchanted Forest. No one lives there except the animals and the Supernatural People.’

“ ‘Nobody but my mother, my sister and myself,’ said Otter Heart.

“ ‘If you come from there, you must have great magic,’ said the chief, ‘for no one can even enter the Enchanted Forest without having greater magic than is known to any one here. Do you play ball?’

“ ‘I have never tried,’ answered Otter Heart.

“ ‘Then you shall try now, to test the truth of what you have just told us, for he who knows the magic of the forest must surely know how to play ball, which every Indian lad knows. What is your name?’

“ ‘Otter Heart.’

“ Then the chief called to the young men playing the game of lacrosse, saying:

“ ‘Make room for this stranger, Otter Heart!’

“ And at once the young men made room for him in the game, placing him on the weaker side. This pleased Otter Heart. For a while he played on the defensive until he had learned

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the rules and manner of playing the game. Several times he caught the ball and threw it with such force toward the opposite goal that the spectators shouted, 'Ugh, ugh, ugh!' which meant, 'That's very well done!'

"The next time Otter Heart caught the ball, instead of throwing it toward the opposite goal, he ran swiftly more than halfway down the field; and then he threw it straight toward the goal with such speed that, though the goal keeper caught it, he had to turn completely around before he could throw it. From that moment every eye of the opposite side was on Otter Heart, and the spectators followed the stranger player with ever-increasing interest, and they continued to ask one another: 'Who is he?' No one could answer the question. But every one was sure he was none of the well-known players from among the Algonquins. Yet he must be Algonquin, they reasoned, since he spoke fluently the language of the people.

"The most interested of all the spectators was the chief, who watched every move of the players.

" 'That boy must certainly be from the Enchanted Forest,' he said to himself, 'for no

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one who had never learned the game could play the way he does unless he possessed superior magic, which could only come from there.'

"Otter Heart's side in the game took heart when they saw the ball miss the opposite goal by a very narrow margin several times, and soon they began to force the game, so that their opponents were compelled to defend their own goal instead of forcing that of the opposite side.

"Suddenly one of the backs caught the ball and threw it with great force straight down the center of the field. Back and forth it passed up and down the field, and in the rush Otter Heart was forgotten for the moment. He stood quietly watching his chance. At last the ball came directly toward him. He caught it, and rushing down the badly defended side, past two players, he crossed to the center behind the players who had followed the ball forward, and outdistancing them all, he threw the ball straight upon the goal defended only by the goal keeper. It passed to the right of the keeper, between the posts, but so close to one it almost touched it. This was the first and only goal won, for the chief soon called off the

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players, who crowded about Otter Heart, congratulating him on his excellent playing. Among them were the chief, his daughter and his adopted daughter, two very handsome maidens.

“ ‘Come with me,’ said the chief to Otter Heart. ‘There is always room in my wigwam for a stranger.’

“As they entered the village, the chief thought:

“ ‘This Otter Heart is a wonderful young man. He possesses great magic which he has learned in the Enchanted Forest. If he is as good a hunter as he is a ball player, he would make an excellent husband for my adopted daughter.’

“But he said nothing of this to any one, for he was a very wise old man. He wanted to know more about this young stranger who had come out of the great Enchanted Forest.

“The following morning the chief invited Otter Heart to take part in a hunt which the young braves had just organized for the rest of the week. For four days he went to the hunt every morning, and every evening he returned with more game than any of his com-

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panions. On the fifth day the chief said to him:

“ ‘ Otter Heart, you are already a great hunter. It is time you had a home for yourself. I shall give you my eldest daughter for wife.’

“ This did not suit Otter Heart at all, for he had seen enough of the chief’s adopted daughter, in the five days he had been in the village, to know that she was as lazy and greedy as she was handsome. Besides, he had come to like the younger daughter very much. But he knew that, if the chief had decided to marry off the elder first, there was no use of asking him for the younger. So he said:

“ ‘ I thank you, great chief, for your kindness. But I cannot take a wife now, for I have come out of the forest to perform a duty which may not be put off and which may take much time.’

“ ‘ And what is this duty, may I ask?’ inquired the chief.

“ ‘ I have come to hunt the murderer of my father.’

“ ‘ And what is his name?’

“ ‘ Wolf-wizard.’

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“ ‘I knew him years ago,’ said the chief; ‘but no one about here has seen him for a long time, so he must be dead.’

“ ‘I must make sure of that,’ said Otter Heart.

“ ‘Well, stay with us and I will send out messengers to the other villages to inquire if any one has seen or knows anything of Wolf-wizard. If we can find him then you may fulfil your duty the more easily.’

“ That same night, when every one in the village was asleep, Otter Heart stole quietly out of the wigwam of the chief, for he was determined not to marry the elder sister, and he wanted to hunt himself for Wolf-wizard.

“ Once out of the village he ran as fast as he could for several hours until at last he felt he was safe from pursuit.

“ Stopping by the side of a creek he took some dried meat out of his hunting bag and began to eat it.

“ The adopted sister, who had lain awake thinking of the handsome and clever husband which her father had picked out for her, heard Otter Heart moving about in the wigwam and she saw him steal out ever so quietly. She was very angry, for she understood quite well that

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he was making his escape so that he might not have to marry her. So she followed him. She was a very powerful woman and she easily kept up with Otter Heart as he ran across the open prairie country and entered the forest. She remained just far enough behind so that he might not know she was following him. But scarcely had he seated himself on the river bank and taken the dried meat out of his hunting bag when she rushed upon him with a half shriek, half laugh. He could hear her coming, but he could not see her, for the trees were thick and the shadow deep where she advanced through the forest. At the first sound of the fearful laugh he began to climb a very tall pine tree, and when the angry woman came in sight, he was securely hidden among the topmost branches. And he thought:

“ ‘I am quite safe here, for no one will be able to see me through this thick foliage.’ ”

“ But he did not know that the woman who was following him was a witch, and that, by the power of her magic, she could see him as plainly amid the foliage of the branches as though he were in the open country before her. This is why she had been able to follow him through the thick, dark forest, though she re-

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mained always so far behind he could not know she was following him.

“ With a shrill, fiendish laugh, she began to chop the tree down.

“ Otter Heart laughed quietly to himself, for he thought:

“ ‘ This is a very large tree, so large this woman will never be able to chop it down with her stone axe.’

“ He was curious to see how things were going on below, so he peeped cautiously out through the thick foliage. The adopted sister was chopping furiously and laughing with a shrill falsetto laugh. At every stroke of the axe a great chip flew from the trunk of the tree.

“ ‘ I had not thought of her using magic to chop down a tree,’ said Otter Heart to himself. ‘ But two can play at magic.’ He began uttering a spell the flying squirrel had taught him:

“ ‘ Cone, cone of the pine tree!
Bear me up as I sail away!
Carry me off on the back of the wind!
Bear me up as I sail away;
Over the tops of the trees
And far away!’

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“ At once the cone shot out from the top of the tall pine tree which stood high above every other tree in the forest, and carried Otter Heart, sailing like a leaf on the wind, far away over the wood; and all the while the angry woman continued to chop and chop while the great chips flew from her stone axe, and at the sight of each chip she uttered a shrill laugh.

“ Soon the tree fell crashing to the ground into the open space by the shore of the river, and the woman rushed up to seize Otter Heart; but when she found he had escaped, she uttered a terrible shriek of hate and rushed off through the forest in search of the young hunter, who ran as fast as the wind, the angry woman close behind him. All day they rushed through the forest. Otter Heart could not shake off the woman and she could not catch up with him because of the magic of the forest people. The woman, possessing the magic of the wind people, was tireless, but it was not so with Otter Heart, who began at last to feel so weary he felt he could go no farther. Just then he saw a hollow log in front of him and he dived head-first into it, and remembering a spell the big chief of the Beavers had taught him, he repeated it:

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“ ‘Log of the cedar tree!
Trunk of the cedar tree!
Close up your gaping mouth!
Shut up your yawning mouth!
And shelter me
From mine enemy!’

“ And at once the open end of the cedar tree closed up so that it appeared like a solid log.

“ But nothing could hide him from the magic of the adopted sister who could see through solid things as easily as through thin air by virtue of her witchcraft.

“ Laughing with fiendish joy she cried, as she began to hack at the log:

“ ‘I see you, Otter Heart, I see you, there within the log! This time you cannot escape me.’

“ Otter Heart could hear the furious blows of her stone axe falling upon the log like claps of thunder. He knew that soon she would have a hole in it, for nothing in the forest could resist her magic blows. Then he repeated a very powerful spell the King of the Water-snakes had taught him:

“ ‘Master of earth
And master of fire,
Send thy magical power!

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Work thy magical will!
Make this log that shelters me
The hardest of all hard things,
The hardest of things that be!’

“ At once the cedar log became harder than the hardest thing on earth, and as the furious adopted sister continued to strike it with all her might, her stone axe flew into pieces. Then she stopped, saying to herself:

“ ‘ There is no use trying to take this intended husband of mine by force. I must catch him some other way.’

“ Then she said aloud:

“ ‘ Well, if you won’t come out you may stay there until you die, for all I care!’

“ Away she went through the forest, laughing shrilly like the tempest wind, and leaving Otter Heart free to come out of the log when he pleased. This he soon did, and as he went on his way he did not hurry, for he knew that the elder sister, powerful witch though she was, could do nothing against the magic he had learned from the forest people.

“ As his hunting bag was almost empty, Otter Heart went in search of game. Having shot a young beaver, he made his way toward the river that he might be able to find an open

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space where he could cook it. He had not gone far when he came out upon a beaver meadow, and he knew that the river must be on the other side of it. When he reached the river bank he lay down his blanket and his game and went in search of some dry wood with which to make a fire. When he returned with his arms full of wood, he found a bark wigwam close to his blanket. He wondered he had not seen it when he had laid down the game there. The smoke was curling slowly and invitingly out of the smoke hole of the wigwam.

“ As Otter Heart looked at it, he thought:

“ ‘ Where there is smoke there is fire, and where there is fire there must be some one to make it. I shall go into the wigwam and see who it is.’

“ With the bundle of dry wood under one arm and the beaver in the other hand, he entered the wigwam.

“ A beautiful young woman was busy getting supper ready. When the shadow of Otter Heart fell across the doorway, she turned round and, with a smile, bade him welcome.

“ ‘ I am a hunter far from home,’ said Otter Heart, ‘ and I was gathering dry wood to make

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a fire when I came upon your wigwam. May I use your fire to cook this beaver?’

“ ‘I will cook it for you,’ said the woman.

“ ‘If you will share it with me when it is done,’ said Otter Heart.

“ ‘That’s a fair bargain,’ replied the woman.

“ She took the beaver from Otter Heart, who laid his bundle of wood down by the fire and seated himself on a brown-bear skin to watch the woman, as she went on with her cooking skilfully and quietly. He thought how handsome she looked and what a good housewife she was, as she quickly skinned the beaver and began roasting it over the fire, and he said to himself:

“ ‘Here would be a fine wife for some one!’

“ All the time he was thinking of himself.

“ The appetizing smell of the roasting beaver, filling the lodge, was very pleasing to Otter Heart, and he was contented as he continued to watch the young woman moving about the wigwam so quietly and so skilfully. But suddenly the pleasing expression on her face changed, and into her eyes came a greedy look like that of a hungry wolf, as she sniffed the odor of the roasting meat.

“ As Otter Heart sat down to eat with the

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woman she cut up the roasted beaver and served it, keeping all the best parts of the meat for herself and giving him only the poorest parts and the bones. She ate ravenously, like a famished animal. For a while Otter Heart suffered this in silence, but as the greedy thing continued to eat and eat as though she could never fill herself, he lost all patience and cried out in anger:

“ ‘ You are nothing but a greedy wolf!’

“ At once the woman fell down on all fours, and in an instant she was changed into a hungry, gaunt wolf. With a high, falsetto laugh, she rushed into the forest. Otter Heart knew that laugh. It was that of the adopted daughter.

“ The wigwam had disappeared with the woman, but the fire, which Otter Heart had himself fed with wood several times during the cooking of the beaver, remained. So wrapping himself up in his blanket, he lay down beside it and went to sleep, and he did not awake until the sun had risen over the beaver meadow the following morning.

“ As Otter Heart continued his journey, the baying of a lone wolf far in the heart of the forest reminded him of the wicked adopted

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daughter, and he thought how fortunate he was to have found her out in time; and he was very glad, for he said to himself:

“ ‘ Now that her disguise has been discovered and she has been forced to resume her true form, perhaps she will not be able to again trouble good people. I very much fear she is the evil magician who killed my father.’

“ All day Otter Heart tramped on through the forest; and at nightfall he came out upon the bank of another river. Again he shot a beaver, and again he laid his blanket and the beaver down together and went into the forest to gather dry wood for a fire. When he came back he found a bark wigwam close to where he had left his blanket. And out of the smoke hole of the wigwam curled the smoke invitingly. Through the open doorway he saw a woman busy by the fire preparing supper. So he said to himself:

“ ‘ Here must be more magic. Magic seems to belong to everything in the Enchanted Forest. I suppose the adopted daughter is trying some more of her tricks. But it is certainly very stupid of her to build another enchanted wigwam; she might have known she could not trick me with it a second time.’

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“ Saying this, he went up to the wigwam; and as his shadow fell across the doorway, a very pleasant young woman turned from the fire and said:

“ ‘ Will you not come in? I saw you going into the forest for wood; and as I knew you must be tired and hungry, I brought your beaver in to cook it for you. You will find your blanket spread by the fire.’

“ Otter Heart laid his armful of dry wood on one side of the fire and seated himself on his own blanket on the other, thinking all the while:

“ ‘ How nice and comfortable it is to have a pretty, pleasant woman to cook one’s game and to spread one’s blanket by the fire.’

“ The young woman continued to smile pleasantly as she roasted the beaver. She worked quickly and skilfully, but she never said a word.

“ Otter Heart thought:

“ ‘ She is not only a pretty and pleasant woman; she is very wise, for she knows enough to hold her tongue. She will not worry her husband when he comes home tired from tramping through the forest all day.’

“ When the beaver was cooked Otter Heart

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and the woman sat down together to eat it. Carefully she cut up the beaver, smiling all the while in the most pleasant manner as she handed the best parts of the meat to Otter Heart, and kept only the poorer parts and the bones for herself.

“ ‘She is not only pretty and wise; she is unselfish,’ thought Otter Heart.

“ Then he said aloud:

“ ‘You are very kind to give me all the best parts of the meat. I wish you were the old chief’s younger daughter, so that I might marry you.’

“ At these magic words the young woman changed at once into the younger daughter of the old chief.

“ Otter Heart noticed that she had spread his blanket by the fire near her own; and he knew that this meant that she was willing to have him for a husband. So he said:

“ ‘You have spread my blanket near the fire by the side of your own.’

“ And she answered:

“ ‘I have, Otter Heart.’

“ ‘Then you will go with me in the morning to see my mother and my sister?’ he inquired.

“ And she answered:

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“ ‘In the morning I will go with you, Otter Heart, to see your mother and your sister.’

“ The following morning Otter Heart, taking the younger sister with him, set out to find the end of the trail where he had left the last moccasin. When he had found it he said to the moccasin:

“ ‘Have you guarded well the trail to the home of my mother?’

“ And the moccasin answered:

“ ‘Master, I have guarded well the trail from here to the home of your mother.’

“ All the next day they traveled, Otter Heart and the younger sister; and just at nightfall they came to the clearing where Otter Heart had left the second-last moccasin before going out of the forest. There he found the moccasin just as he had left it; and he inquired of it:

“ ‘Have you guarded well the trail from here to the home of my mother?’

“ And the moccasin answered:

“ ‘Master, I have guarded well the trail from here to the home of your mother.’

“ Thus day after day they traveled, Otter Heart and the younger sister, following the

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trail from one moccasin to another; and always they found that the moccasin had guarded well the trail.

“ At last they came to the lake in the heart of the Enchanted Forest; and there at the door were the mother and the sister, both glad to see Otter Heart back home again safe and sound. The mother was very much pleased that he had brought a wife with him; and she said to herself:

“ ‘ Now he will be content to remain here and will not want to go off into the outside world again.’

“ The mother was very wise.

“ Otter Heart never again left the forest. But often he thought of the great outside world and the many people in it, of the hunting in company with the young men, and especially of the ball game. And he pictured to himself how very pleasant it would be to have some one there in the Enchanted Forest to play it with.

“ When Otter Heart had given his mother an account of his journey to the outside world and had related to her his strange adventures with the two sisters in the forest, she said:

“ ‘ The wicked sister, I am sure, must have

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been the Wolf-wizard who killed your father with her enchantments.'

"And Otter Heart answered:

" 'I have always thought so, Mother.' "

VII

THE MAGIC OF GLOOSKAP

“THIS morning the fog was wonderful,” said Baptiste. “To the east it lay piled up wide and high, a vast sea out of the center of which rose the mountains like a great island. And over the top of the island stood the sun, throwing his white light on the enchanted sea of mist.

“I saw it, too,” added Iagoo; “and it made me think of the happy island of Glooskap rising out of the Northern Sea like a great iceberg.”

“Tell us about the happy island of Glooskap,” said the Factor.

“People say it is the fairest of all hunting grounds,” continued Iagoo; “and that it is always green, summer and winter, though when seen from the Northern Sea, it looks like a great iceberg. Others say that it really is an iceberg, which Glooskap, by his wondrous magic, has made to bloom like the far Southland. Others say that the island of Glooskap

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floats about in the far north, and that, should it strike the earth, it would burn it up instantly.”

“Has any one ever seen this enchanted island of Glooskap?” inquired the Lawyer.

“Many have seen it and some visited it in the days of long ago,” said Iagoo. “Have you ever heard the story of the visit of Little Turtle and his brother, Badger, to the island of Glooskap, where they went in search of the great magic?”

“No, Iagoo,” said the Factor. “Tell us about the visit of Little Turtle and his brother Badger to the enchanted island home of Glooskap, in search of the great magic.”

“Long, long ago, far back in the olden time,” began Iagoo, “there lived on the shore of the Big Sea Water a chief who had a very beautiful daughter called Wechipi. The fame of her beauty had spread far and wide; and young chiefs, strong and handsome, had come from far and near to ask her father’s permission to marry her. The chief, though he did not want to part with his daughter because she was his only child, welcomed all the suitors in the most friendly manner and appeared to be very glad to see them. But always to each he said:

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“ ‘ He who would become my son-in-law must be very strong, very brave and very wise, since my daughter is the most beautiful of all maidens. I have arranged some tests by which to prove his worthiness. Are you willing to attempt these tasks? ’

“ Each suitor, when he had seen the shining face of Wechipi, was ready to answer:

“ ‘ Great chief, for your daughter Wechipi I will venture all things.’

“ The chief was a very great magician and he had for his friends the most powerful of all wizards and magicians; and they had arranged tasks which none of the suitors were able to perform.

“ Far from the shore of the Big Sea Water lived twin brothers, Little Thunder and Badger, who fished and hunted together and were never separated from each other. They heard of the beauty of Wechipi and of the strange tests her father had set for all those who should seek her hand in marriage. Badger laughed when the tales were brought to the village of the charms of the maiden by the Big Sea Water; and he said, with a shake of his head and a knowing way which was all his own:

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“ ‘ Beauty belongs to the outside; and nobody can see into the heart of a woman before she is married. I’ll wager there are right here at home maidens who are more beautiful within than this far-famed Wechipi, this handsomest of all women by the Big Sea Water.’

“ But Little Thunder was of quite a different mind. He could think of nothing but the beautiful Wechipi; and of the far-distant island by the distant sea where she lived. Day by day her face was ever before him and in the night she came to him in his dreams. No longer he took interest in the hunt or in the sports and games of the young men. No longer he was foremost in the dances, the ceremonies and the festivities of the seasons.

“ Badger shook his head, and looking very serious, said:

“ ‘ My brother, Little Thunder, must surely be in love. But why does he not go boldly to the parents of the girl and ask for her? ’

“ Very wise was Badger. So he said nothing of what was in his mind, feeling certain that some day Little Thunder would speak of it himself; for one in love, when he is afraid to ask for the hand of the maiden, must have some one with whom to share his secret.

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“ Sure enough, one day, while they were together in the forest, Little Thunder said:

“ ‘ Brother, I am going to see this Wechipi of the village by the Big Sea Water whom every one says is the most beautiful of all women.’

“ ‘ No, I wouldn’t do that,’ said Badger; ‘ for you cannot hope to succeed against the magic of the old chief, her father, who, as every one well knows, is a very great medicine man. He will give you tasks to do such as no one has ever yet been able to do; and if you fail the boys and the squaws will chase you out of the village.’

“ ‘ Brother, I must go,’ answered Little Thunder very earnestly. ‘ Happen what may, I must see this Wechipi; for I can think of nothing but her.’

“ Badger was very wise, very wise indeed was he; and he thought:

“ ‘ It will never do to have my brother disgraced before the young men and the old men, as he surely must be if he goes off to seek this Wechipi.’ But he said nothing at all of this to Little Thunder. What he said was:

“ ‘ If you must go, brother, you must. But let us first seek greater wisdom so that we may

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be able to overcome the magic of the old chief of the people by the Big Sea Water.'

" 'Very well, brother,' answered Little Thunder. 'But where are we going to find this greater wisdom? I have no doubt that many of the young men who have set out to win this Wechipi have taken with them the greatest wisdom of their tribes; for many of them are sons of chiefs and medicine men.'

" 'Have you not often heard it said that Glooskap, the master of men and beasts, the very wise one, promised in the long ago, in the olden time, that he would grant one wish to him who should be brave, bold and wise enough to seek him in his distant home?' inquired Badger very gravely.

" 'Many a time I have heard the singers and the story-tellers relate this very old tale,' said Little Thunder. 'That it is true there can be no doubt. But who in these days can follow the trail to his home?'

" 'Do not all the wise singers assure us that he who is willing to undergo the fatigue and the dangers of the journey can find his way to the home of Glooskap; for thus he has willed it himself. Let us go to him and ask him for the wisdom with which to overcome the magic of

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the old chief of the people by the Great Sea Water. If we fail to reach the home of Glooskap, there will still be time to try your own cunning against the magic of the old chief.'

" 'My brother's words are very wise,' said Little Thunder. 'The wisdom of Glooskap is certainly greater than the magic of the world people. Let us go and find him and ask him for this wisdom.'

"The two brothers set out for the far-distant land where Glooskap had built his white lodge on the shining shore of the shining sea. For seven long years they traveled; and many strange and wonderful adventures they had. The great River of Dread they crossed in the stone canoe of the ferryman of the dead; and for many days they traveled by the Rainbow Bridge that joins the earth to the island home of the Manitu. When they had come to the end of it, Badger said:

" 'I hear the barking of dogs. Some one must live near here.'

" 'I, too, hear the barking of dogs,' said Little Thunder. 'There must surely be a village near by. Let us hurry on so that we may get there before dark.'

"Though they were very tired from their

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long climb up the Rainbow Bridge, they hastened forward with all possible speed, guided by the barking of the dogs. But fast though they went, the darkness came down upon them before they had reached the village. Farther they could not go; for the barking of the dogs had ceased. So they built their camp fire in the shelter of a ravine where it might be hidden from the sight of any evil-disposed people in the neighborhood.

“ They were awakened the following morning at sunrise by the barking of dogs, which seemed somewhat louder than that of the day before. Thus day after day they traveled for a full month, by the light of the sun, and slept in the shadow of the moon. Every day the voices of the animals grew a little louder until at last they sounded like the rolling of thunder in the mountains.

“ One day, as they came out upon a great sunlit plain, two monstrous animals, a badger and a bear, such as no one had ever before seen, came out to meet them and to welcome them to the land of Glooskap, the master of men and beasts. The barking of the dogs had ceased and all was wondrous still on that great sunlit plain.

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“The badger and the bear led the way and soon they came to the shining wigwam of Glooskap by the shining sea. At the door sat the master of men and beasts smoking his great red-stone pipe, on the head and stem of which were carved those mystical, wonder-working signs and symbols with which he accomplished great magic. Gravely he welcomed the strangers, saying:

“ ‘Seven years ago I heard of your coming; and from afar off I have followed your journey. Very brave you have been and boldly you have met all the dangers and difficulties of the trail. Therefore you are welcome. Tell me why it is you have made this long and dangerous journey to see me.’

“ ‘My brother,’ said Badger, ‘would learn the mystery of the magic with which to overcome the enchantments of the old chief of the people by the Big Sea Water, and win for wife his daughter, Wechipi, the most handsome of all maidens.’

“ ‘That,’ answered Glooskap, ‘is two wishes. One is for skill in magic; the other is for power to win the heart of a maiden. And I can grant him only one.’

“ ‘Then grant me the power to win the heart

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of the maiden!’ cried Little Thunder impulsively.

“ ‘As you wish, so shall it be!’ said Glooskap.

“Then, turning to Badger, the master of men and beasts inquired:

“ ‘What is your wish, my son?’

“Badger had been thinking very fast, and he saw what his brother, Little Thunder, had not seen, — that the gift to win the heart of the maiden, Wechipi, would be of no use to him if he did not have the skill to overcome her father’s magic. So he said:

“ ‘Oh, great Master of Life, I would have superior skill in magic so that I may overcome the cunning of other men.’

“ ‘As you wish, so shall it be!’ said Glooskap.

“He placed upon the head of Badger an invisible, wonder-working band which endowed him with all the power of the Supernatural People; and with it he gave him a magic flute, saying:

“ ‘In this flute is the magic voice of the winds. When you play upon it you will have power over all things, as the wind has power wherever it goes. In it is the greatest of all

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magic.' Then he taught him the magic dance of the ritual.

"To Little Thunder he gave a magic root, saying:

" 'When you arrive at the home of Wechipi eat this and she will love you above all others.'

"Then pointing across the far-extending sea, he said:

" 'Over there, many days' journey by water, is the home of Wechipi. By this way, which is my own pathway, I grant you permission to return, so that you may make the journey in safety. I will lend you my own magic, self-moving canoe, which goes many times faster than the fastest racer can run. But you must return it to me when you have done with it. Face it in this direction and say:

" ' "Magic canoe, return to him who hath made thee!" ' "

"With the rising of the sun, across the Shining Sea sailed Badger and Little Thunder in the magic stone canoe of the master of men and beasts. Swift as the wind they sailed; and though the distance was very great, so fast did they sail that they reached the village by the Big Sea Water before the sun had gone to rest in his night wigwam.

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“The old chief received them in a very friendly manner. It had been many days since any one had come to ask for the hand of his daughter; and time had begun to hang dull upon his hands. So he longed for the excitement and pleasure of seeing another suitor fail to accomplish the magic tests he had set for all who sought the hand of Wechipi; and of having him whipped out of the village by the women and the children.

“Little Thunder and Badger, as is the custom with guests in all the land of the Algonquins, were received with great ceremony, and the chief and his daughter prepared a feast for them.

“As Wechipi waited on them, serving them without herself tasting anything, Little Thunder thought:

“ ‘ Surely every one has spoken the truth, and there is no other maiden so handsome as this Wechipi, of the village by the Big Sea Water! ’

“ When the guests had been served and the meal had ended, then the old chief said, and not till then, as was his custom:

“ ‘ Why have you come to visit us? ’

“ ‘ I have come because I am tired of living

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alone,' said Little Thunder; 'and I would have your daughter, Wechipi, for wife.'

" 'It is well,' said the chief. 'But he who wins my daughter must prove himself worthy to be my son-in-law. I shall try your strength, your skill, and your wisdom. If you stand the tests I set you, then you shall become my son-in-law. Many have come upon the same errand as yourself, among them the bravest, wisest and strongest from all lands and people; and all have failed and have been whipped out of the village by the squaws and the children. Are you willing to try to win my daughter, Wechipi, on these conditions?'

" 'I am willing,' answered Little Thunder.

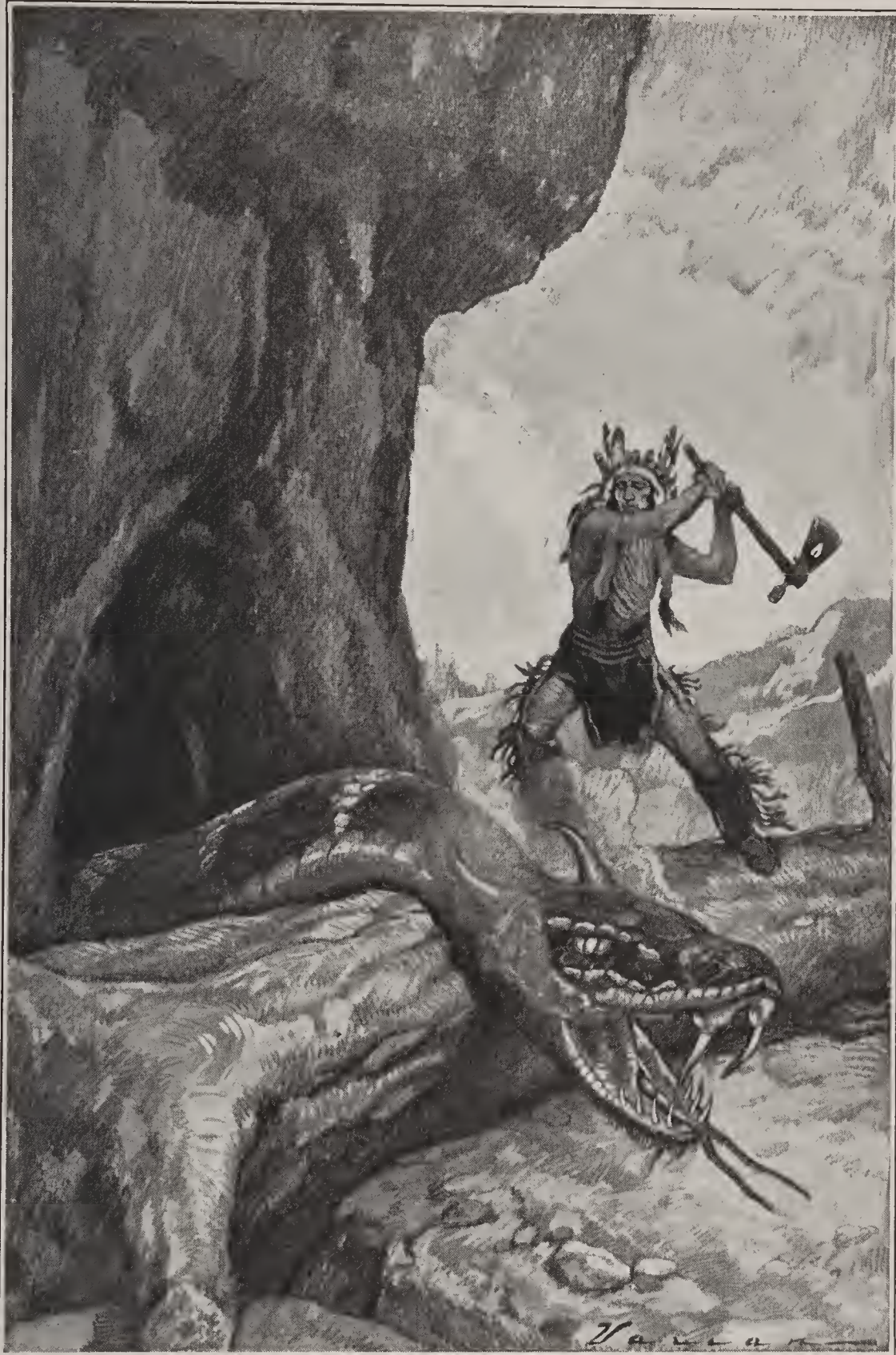
" 'Then,' said the chief, 'to-morrow, you must go forth at sunrise and give battle to the great Horned Snake who rules all the land by the mountains. When you have slain him, bring me his head as a token of your victory! This shall be the test of your strength, your skill, and your prowess in battle.'

" Early the following morning, before the sun was up, and while every one was still sound asleep, Badger stole quietly out of the village and went, with the speed of his wondrous magic, to the mountains where the Horned

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King of all the Snakes lived in a great cave in the rocks. Wide yawned the mouth of the cave like the mouth of a river.

“ Pulling up the tallest pine tree in the forest, Badger placed it lengthwise across the mouth of the cave. Then taking his magic flute he began to play a strange, wild air upon it such as had never before been heard in all the land of the Big Sea Water. And as he played he danced, in the open space in front of the black mouth of the cave, the magic dance that Glooskap had taught him, the magic medicine dance of the Supernatural People. And the great Horned Snake, far within the black mouth of the cave, heard the call of magic stronger than his own, and he was forced to obey it. Forth he came with a noise like the low rumbling of thunder; and as he passed through the mouth of the cave, and found the opening barred from below, he pushed his head out above the tree trunk. Just as his neck rested, for a moment, on the wood, Badger, standing on the trunk, brought his axe down upon it and severed the head from the body. Then, with the wondrous speed of his magic, he returned to the village and laid the head of the monster at the door of the chief’s wigwam.



“Badger, standing on the trunk, severed the head from the body.” *Page 124.*

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There the young men found it at sunrise; and as they gathered about it wonderingly, the chief came out of his wigwam; and when he saw the monster head with its long, yellow horns, he thought:

“ ‘ This suitor must have some powerful magic indeed. I shall have to send him against my greater magicians.’ ”

“ The following morning he said to Little Thunder:

“ ‘ You did very well yesterday. If you continue to do as well as this, you shall surely become my son-in-law. But you must prove yourself wiser, stronger and more skilful than any other in all the land. There are here in our village two famous toboggan riders who have never been beaten. I would have you try your skill against them. You shall race down the mountains; and he who arrives first at my wigwam shall be declared the winner.’ ”

“ The mountains were very high and rough. On their sides were vast forests; and their top was covered with snow and ice; while below and above the great stretches of trees yawned many caves and ravines.

“ ‘ I will race with your toboggan riders,’ ”

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said Little Thunder; ‘and my brother will ride with me.’

“All the village — men, women and children — turned out to see the race, the like of which had never before been run, since none of the other suitors had been able to overcome the great Horned Snake; and so none of them had reached the toboggan test. About the lodge of the chief they gathered in a great semicircle, within which stood the chief himself, his principal warriors and two mighty, hairy giants, each of which was as tall as the tallest tree in the forest. Little Thunder was himself tall among his own people, but he was a mere child by the side of either of the giants.

“The warriors brought out of the storehouse two monster toboggans, each of them many times larger than any toboggan Little Thunder had ever before seen. They were longer than the highest tree in the forest, and each was as broad as a wigwam; and their great turned-up fronts were as high as the ridgepole of the council house.

“‘Take your choice of these toboggans,’ said the chief to Little Thunder, ‘for such is your right as strangers among us.’

“One of the toboggans was so handsomely

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shaped and so beautifully ornamented, and had such graceful curves that Little Thunder would have chosen it; but Badger, who saw with the magic of the eyes of Glooskap, the master of all wisdom, said quickly, pointing to the other, the more homely:

“ ‘We will take this one.’ For he saw that the beauty of the handsome toboggan was only a thing of evil magic, which the giants had made by means of their magical arts, and into which they had put all their evil thoughts. On this account the toboggan could be managed only by the giants themselves.

“Up the mountain trail went the giants swiftly, carrying their toboggan on their heads; and close upon their heels followed Badger and Little Thunder. So it was not long before they reached the summit.

“ ‘I will do the steering,’ said Badger, for he knew that only by superior magic could the toboggan be managed and the giants beaten in the race.

“As both the toboggans were pushed off from the snow-covered summit of the mountains and started swiftly down the trail, the giants fell behind. Then Little Thunder said to Badger:

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“ ‘ You have made a good choice, brother. Our toboggan is swifter than theirs and we shall surely beat them.’

“ But Badger, who saw with the eyes of the magic of Glooskap, said:

“ ‘ You are mistaken, brother. They are holding in their toboggan, which is swifter than ours. It is faster than the fastest wind that ever blew, for on its front I have seen painted the magic signs and symbols of the great witch of the air. They are hanging behind because they know they can pass us when they wish. They are sure we will not be able to ride down these mountains without being thrown from the toboggan, and they intend, when this happens, to ride over us and kill us, so that we may not be able to try the other test. Had we chosen the other toboggan we must surely have been thrown off, for no one can ride it except its maker.’

“ Down the rough mountains sped the two toboggans at a terrific speed. So swiftly they flew they passed over the yawning crevices and holes and mouths of caves, jumping them as a deer leaps from crag to crag. Over the tops of the trees they sailed as a bird skims over the meadow. Suddenly the front toboggan seemed

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to strike something and Little Thunder and Badger were thrown from it. The two giants shouted with savage glee as they bore down upon them, with the intention of running over them and crushing them to death. But just as they were close upon the two friends, Badger, who had rolled quickly to one side (while Little Thunder had rolled to the other, as they had previously agreed to do) using all his magic power, jerked his toboggan out of the track of the giants, at the very edge of a deep abyss. So intent were the giants on running them down that they did not notice the danger until they were plunging headforemost into the great gulf.

“Badger and Little Thunder sprang upon their toboggan, laughing mockingly. Then Badger spoke softly to the toboggan, saying:

“ ‘Fly, my good toboggan, fly!’

“Lightly as a bird the toboggan rose in the air and sailed across the wide gulf and over a wall of ice on the other side. So swiftly up the side of this snow wall had it sped that it rose high in the air and thus sailed over a wide forest. Just beyond the wood it struck a level, slightly sloping trail. Then, rushing still more swiftly onward, it climbed the hill on the other

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side of which was the village by the Big Sea Water. As they sped onward down into the village, the waiting people raised a great shout of joy, for no one except the chief liked the giant wizards.

“ ‘Where is the other toboggan?’ inquired the chief of Badger and Little Thunder.

“ ‘It will be here soon. It met with an accident in the ravine,’ answered Badger.

“ In a short while the giants came driving down the hill very swiftly and shouting their song of triumph. Right on toward the village they came, boasting and singing:

“ ‘Far up on the mountains we passed them;
On the wings of the wind flew by them;
Left them behind on the uplands;
Wechipi’s creeping suitors;
Suitors of the great chief’s daughter.
Loudly they called as we passed them;
Loud as the thunder calls on the uplands.
But the roar of their voices was silenced
By the grinding of our toboggan
On the rocky ribs of the mountains;
By the racing of our toboggan
On the fearful trail of the uplands.
Dead are Wechipi’s suitors;
Suitors of the great chief’s daughter;
And their bones shall be picked by the eagles,
By the ravenous birds of the mountains.’

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“ Right into the village drove the giants, shouting their song of victory. Suddenly they saw Badger, Little Thunder and the other to-boggan, and the boasting died upon their lips.

“ Then Badger, turning to the chief, said:

“ ‘ How kind are our friends! They have already sung our song of triumph for us better than we could have sung it ourselves. So we have no need to sing it.’

“ Black as the thunder cloud upon the mountains were the faces of the giants, as the people mocked them, singing the refrain of their song of triumph:

“ ‘ Far up on the mountains we passed them;
On the wings of the winds flew by them;
Left them behind on the uplands;
Wechipi’s creeping suitors;
Suitors of the great chief’s daughter.’

“ But the chief interposed, saying:

“ ‘ This is no time for mocking brave men. The race has been well contested by both parties. Let us give all honor to the strangers who have won it, but let us also remember that never before have our friends been beaten.’

“ The following day the chief said to Little Thunder:

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“ ‘ My son-in-law must be the swiftest of all men. We have here in our village a runner who has never been beaten in a race. I would have you run against him.’

“ And Little Thunder answered:

“ ‘ I will run against him.’

“ This famous runner was a brother of the giants of the toboggan race, and he was a still greater magician than they. So powerful was his magic that he could transform himself into anything he wished by simply wishing to be that thing. All this Badger learned by the wondrous cunning of his magic band, and he said to Little Thunder:

“ ‘ He against whom you have to race is a very great magician and unless we have greater magic than he you must surely lose the race. So you must take my magic flute with you. Play upon it and you will be able to change yourself into any shape you wish.’

“ As the two runners stood together, waiting for the signal for the race to begin, Little Thunder said to the giant:

“ ‘ What is your name?’

“ ‘ Every one calls me the Northern Light,’ answered the giant boastingly. ‘ And what is your name?’

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“ ‘ People call me Lightning from the Clouds,’ answered Little Thunder.

“ ‘ You will need to be as swift as your name if you expect to win this race,’ said the giant.

“ ‘ I shall wait until the race is over to do my boasting,’ replied Little Thunder.

“ ‘ In that you are very wise,’ said the giant, looking down with a smile of contempt on his little adversary.

“ Little Thunder made no reply, but taking the magic flute from the bosom of his hunting shirt, he began to play very softly on it; and as he played the winged, invisible Spirit of the Lightning came swiftly down from the clouds and whispered to him:

“ ‘ Fear not, Little Thunder, my son, for I have covered your feet with the swiftest of all moccasins.’

“ And Little Thunder, looking down, saw that his feet were shod with wondrous shining moccasins.

“ And while he was looking at his feet, the chief said:

“ ‘ This race is to be run into the far South-land. He who runs farthest south and returns first shall be adjudged the winner. Each must

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bring with him some token of the farthest Southland he has reached.'

"It was still early morning when the race began and already the sun had scarcely begun to show himself in the east. So swiftly did the racers run that both were almost instantly out of sight, for the giant had changed himself into the Light of the North, and Little Thunder ran just as swiftly as the Lightning from the Clouds whose magic moccasins he wore.

"All the morning they ran side by side, and neither could gain on the other. Southward, ever southward they flew, and warmer and ever warmer it became. Soon the giant began to breathe heavily, for he was not used to the great heat of the southern land. Slower and slower he went, and Little Thunder ran far ahead of him. To the very outer side of the world he ran. Then, plucking a branch with its flowers from a very strange tree that grows only in the farthest Southland, he hurried back as fast as his magic moccasins could travel; and just at noon he reached the village by the Big Sea Water, where he found all the people still assembled, waiting for the return of the runners.

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“ ‘ Where is Light of the North? ’ inquired the chief.

“ ‘ He was a little tired from the heat, but he is on the way and will no doubt be back soon,’ answered Little Thunder, as the people all acclaimed him the victor.

“ It was almost sundown when Light of the North came limping into the village, half dead from the heat and the fatigue of the race.

“ That evening the chief said to Little Thunder:

“ ‘ I have one more test and only one for you. If you win this then you shall surely be my son-in-law. I know you are an invincible warrior; that no one can run a toboggan so fast as you; and that you are swiftest of foot of all runners. I would now have you prove yourself fastest in the water. In our village there is a diver whom no one has ever beaten. To-morrow you shall compete with him to prove who is the greatest of all divers.’

“ ‘ I will dive against him,’ said Little Thunder.

“ The diver was the youngest brother of the giants, and like all the family of enchanters, he was a very powerful magician and could change himself into any form he wished.

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This, too, Badger learned by his magic. So he said to Little Thunder:

“ ‘ Brother, this diver is a very great magician; you must again take my magic flute with you, so that you may have magic more powerful than his.’ ”

“ As the two divers stood upon a high cliff overlooking the sea, Little Thunder said to the giant:

“ ‘ Brother, what is your name?’ ”

“ And the giant answered boastingly:

“ ‘ Every one calls me the Great Sea Duck, for she is the best and swiftest of all divers. What is your name?’ ”

“ And Little Thunder answered:

“ ‘ People call me the Sea Loon, for he, too, is a very great diver.’ ”

“ ‘ You will need to be a greater diver than the Sea Loon,’ said the giant, with a mocking laugh; ‘ for all the loons have fled from here in shame, leaving the shore to the sea ducks. If you are no swifter or longer-breathed than the loon, you will surely lose this contest.’ ”

“ ‘ Boasting is not doing,’ answered Little Thunder. ‘ I shall wait until the diving contest is over to sing my song of victory.’ ”

“ ‘ You would be very much wiser to sing it

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now,' replied the giant, 'for if you stay as long under water as you surely must, if you expect to win this race, you are more than likely to come up dead.'

" 'Diving has never yet killed a loon,' answered Little Thunder, as he began to play softly on his magic flute.

" 'I have no time for music,' said the giant, as he dived into the sea and instantly changed himself into a monster Sea Duck.

" Softly Little Thunder continued to play on his magic flute, singing to the accompaniment:

" ' Little Thunder,
Son of Black Cloud,
Calls to his father,
Calls entreatingly,
Calls insistingly;
Calls with the voice
Of the magic flute;
Calls with the breath
Of the magic wind;
Calls from the shore
Of the deep, deep sea;
Calls to his father
For help in need;
Calls unceasingly.'

" As the chant ended Little Thunder was

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suddenly changed into a monster loon, greater than any bird that had ever before been seen in the world. Into the great chief of all the loons, into the master of all the sea loons was he changed. Straight into the sea, in the track of the giant, he dove; downward, straight downward toward the bottom of the sea; dove most powerfully; dove most swiftly.

“ The giant continued to dive downward for over an hour. Then, sure that no one else could stay so long under water, he returned to the surface, more dead than alive. He was so weak he had to be helped to the shore.

“ Another hour had passed and still Little Thunder had not appeared. Then all the people said among themselves:

“ ‘ The stranger must surely be dead, for no one could stay so long under water and live. He must indeed surely be dead! ’

“ When another hour had passed and still he had not appeared, nearly every one left the cliff with the giant who boasted, on the way to the village, of having passed his adversary on the way to the bottom of the deepest sea. He said, imitating the heavy breathing of the porpoise:

“ ‘ Then he was puffing like a spent por-

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poise, like a lumbering sea porpoise; breathing like a short-breathed old woman, like a coughing old woman.'

"All that afternoon the giant sat in front of the council house boasting of his prowess, and the older men sat about him admiringly; but the younger men, who remembered the great deeds of Little Thunder, thought:

" 'He was truly very strong and very wise, this stranger, very brave and very skilful, and he was never a boaster. It is a great pity he was not as great a diver as he was a warrior and a runner.'

"And the maidens thought:

" 'He was truly very brave and very handsome, this young stranger.'

"Pity for Little Thunder was in the hearts of the young men and the maidens.

"Just at sundown, a runner came in all haste from the cliff, shouting:

" 'The stranger has come back. He has been down into the Under World, into the very fountain of the first waters. Underneath the earth he has dived to the very outer edge of all land.'

"In a rage the giant sprang up, shouting:

" 'It is a lie! He has hidden somewhere

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and now he comes back with this story. No one could stay from daylight until dark under the water and still come out alive.'

"But the people heard him not nor heeded him, for they were running toward the cliff to welcome back Little Thunder whom they met returning to the village. Fresh he seemed as in the morning when he dived from the cliff into the sea. In his girdle he bore, as a token of his visit to the outer edge of the world where it floats on the Primeval Ocean, strange plants unseen before, unknown before of men.

"When the giant saw these strange plants from the very bottom of the Primeval Ocean, he stole quietly out of the village while all were busy welcoming Little Thunder, for he knew that the magic of the stranger was greater than his own.

"The chief welcomed Little Thunder back, saying:

" 'I have lost a daughter, but in losing her I have won a very good son, a very proper son-in-law.'

"And all the people said together:

" 'Yes, a very good son; a very proper son-in-law.' "

VIII

LITTLE THUNDER'S WEDDING JOURNEY

“DID Little Thunder and Badger remain in the village by the Great Sea Water, or did they go home, or what became of them, Iagoo?” inquired the Factor.

“They went home in the magic canoe of Glooskap, the master of men and beasts,” said Iagoo; “but that’s another story which the people call ‘Little Thunder’s Wedding Journey,’ though it might better have been called the journey of Badger, for he had more to do with it than his brother.”

“Tell us the story of ‘Little Thunder’s Wedding Journey,’ Iagoo,” said the Factor.

“This,” said Iagoo, “is the story of Little Thunder’s Wedding Journey to the Enchanted Island of Glooskap and from there back to his own home.

“The marriage feast of Little Thunder and Wechipi, in which all the people of the village by the Big Sea Water took part, was a very splendid affair; and as the stately husband and

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the beautiful wife waited on their guests, the old women whispered to one another:

“ ‘ Who has ever before seen such a handsome couple? ’

“ ‘ So handsome, so wise, and so brave! ’ sighed the maidens, their eyes fixed on Little Thunder, and all envious of the good fortune of the bride.

“ ‘ So beautiful, so graceful, and so at her ease, ’ said the young men, who had thoughts only of Wechipi.

“ The wedding guests formed themselves into two long processions, one of women, at the head of which was Wechipi; the other of men led by Little Thunder. After marching around and then through the center of the village, the procession of married women and girls, all dressed in their finest garments, entered the council chamber and seated themselves on the floor in the center of the building. Then followed the procession of young men and old who took their places in a circle round about the women. When they were all seated the chief, taking his daughter by the hand, formally presented her to Little Thunder. All the wedding guests drew back to the walls of the great council chamber. Then Lit-

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tle Thunder, leading his wife into the vacant central space, danced with her the opening or ceremonial dance. They were followed by other dancers, who, one after another, each danced his favorite dance. Then others danced in couples or in groups, after which all the guests and the bridal couple danced together the tribal dance to the accompaniment of flutes, drums and rattles.

“At midnight the chief, closing the ceremonies, summoned all to a banquet given by the tribe to Little Thunder and his bride who, this time, sat down together and ate as a sign that they were to live and eat together for the rest of their lives.

“At the close of the banquet a very old and wise man addressed the wedding couple, saying:

“ ‘Henceforth you must live and work together, the one ever aiding and comforting the other. If you do this you will make life useful and happy; if you do not you will make it as useless and helpless as a bow without a string. When the husband is lazy and a poor hunter, the wife has little heart in her work. When the woman is a gossip and spends her time in the wigwams of her neighbors instead

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of attending to her duties at home, then the husband is likely to be found among the gamblers and the players of games and sports instead of at the hunt. Work together, therefore, both of you, that you may reap the good harvest at the reaping time.'

"When Little Thunder had thanked the old man for his wise advice, the older men accompanied him and the older women went with Wechipi to the bridal wigwam, and the marriage feast of the first day was over.

"For the next six days followed games and sports in which Badger and Little Thunder distinguished themselves above all others. Each night the festivities ended with a dance followed by a banquet at midnight. On the last day the medicine men and the very wise sachems danced their magic dances and sang their magic songs that the newly-wedded might be happy and fortunate in life. The women made presents to the chief's daughter, as a farewell offering, for, in the morning, she and Little Thunder were to begin their wedding journey back over the long trail to the home of his people.

"Last of all Badger danced the wizard dance, the mystic dance he had learned from

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the master of men and beasts. Like a whirlwind he danced, turning round and round so swiftly he appeared like a white streak as he moved in and out among the people. Up and down and all about the council house he danced. Then, into the middle of the room, he spun round and round, still moving his feet as in the dance. Round and round he spun on the hard-beaten earth, on the earth made hard by the feet of many dancers; and as he spun he bored into the earth. Deeper and deeper he sank until his body was half hidden by the ever-deepening hole made by his burrowing feet. Springing suddenly out, he began dancing up and down the dancing space, cutting great furrows in the ground and throwing up the loose earth like the walls of an entrenchment. Up and down the trench he danced until only his head was above the ground. As the people looked on, wondering at this strange dance which they had seen for the first time, at this dance of magic and deep-meaning symbols, Badger disappeared from sight, in the trench dug by his dancing feet. And as the guests sat there wondering, he sprang lightly out of the earth, fresh as though he had never danced a step.

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“ Wechipi said, smiling with pleasure:

“ ‘ Truly a great and wonderful dance worthy of a wedding day.’

“ And all the people assented:

“ ‘ Yes, truly a great and wonderful dance worthy of the wedding day of the chief's daughter.’

“ The chief said gravely:

“ ‘ The dance is now over, since no one can dance on a floor cut and scarred like a battlefield made ready for defence.’

“ The following morning all the village, standing upon the shore of the Big Sea Water, bade good-bye to Little Thunder and Wechipi. And as they sailed away with Badger, sailed swiftly away in the magic canoe of the master of men and beasts, the singers of the tribe sang them a last farewell:

“ ‘ Ever happy may you be,
Stranger come to us from far off,
To the village by the sea,
By the mighty Big Sea Water.
Stranger, great and powerful,
Stranger, wise and cunning,
Ever happy may you be
In that shining land so distant,
Over by the golden sunset
Where the Island of the Master

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Rises out of gloom and darkness,
Lifts aloft its snowy summit
High above the mists of cloudland
That surround his fearful dwelling.
Happy be you, stranger husband
Of the tribe's most handsome daughter,
Of the tribe's most winsome maiden,
Of the chief's most lovely offspring.

“ ‘ Happy may you be, oh, Badger,
Most powerful of all wizards,
Most skilful of all dancers,
Of all magicians greatest;
Beloved of the master,
Of the greatest of all masters,
Of the ever-mighty Glooskap.
Happy may you be, oh, Badger,
In that shining land so distant,
Over by the golden sunrise
Where the Island of the Master
Rises out of gloom and darkness,
High above the mists of cloudland
That surround his fearful dwelling.
Happy be you, cunning brother
Of the husband of our daughter,
Of our sachem's lovely daughter,
Of the tribe's most winsome maiden.

“ ‘ Happy may you be, Wechipi,
Our chief's tall and handsome daughter,
Our chief's winsome, lovely daughter.
Happy may you be, Wechipi,

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In the distant land of strangers,
In the land of shining morning.
May good fortune favor you
In your husband's distant home;
In the lodge of Little Thunder;
In the land beyond the sea
Where the mighty Big Sea Water
Washes shores we know not;
Washes lands we've seen not;
Bears canoes of other nations;
Echoes shouts of other warriors.
Fare you well, beloved Wechipi,
Loveliest, you, of all our daughters.'

" Thus they passed out of sight of the shore, passed swiftly out of sight of the land, the voices of the singers speeding them onward.

" Scarcely had the canoe disappeared from the view of the villagers when a terrible storm arose, a storm such as had never before been seen upon the Big Sea Water.

" Badger, who knew that such a storm could only be a thing of magic raised by the old chief, the father-in-law of his brother, began to play on his magic flute the wild music of the tempest, while Little Thunder sang the tempest song. The storm, which was racing toward them over the widest stretch of waters, piled itself up like a great white wall, powerless to

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advance farther against the wondrous music of the magic flute and the strength of the magic song.

“Long and loud laughed Badger as, blowing upon the great white wall of the tempest, he scattered it as the winds scatter the thunder clouds. Far over the sea he scattered it as the winds scatter the clouds over the sky-land. Then the sun smiled upon a vast expanse of water as quiet as the midday land on a summer day at noontime.

“They had not gone far when they saw something like a great black cloud far out on the horizon. On it came swiftly toward them. It was taller than many trees. Swimming swiftly through the water it came.

“By his magic Badger knew it was the king of all the beavers, the largest of all his tribe, and fiercer than the fiercest beast in all the forest; so once more he played upon his magic flute, making it groan and shriek like the wind spirits riding upon the tempest, while Little Thunder shouted his war song:

“ ‘ Wizard of weaker magic,
Chief of the beaver tribe,
Scourge of the land and sea,
Worker of evil art,

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Tremble in fear,
For thy fate is near;
For I, the foe of thy tribe,
The hunter of all thy race,
The terror of all thy kind,
Am coming to meet thee apace.
On the wings of the wind I come;
The voice of the wind is mine;
The fearful voice of the storm.
As I sing my song I think of the dead,
Of the many beaver dead
That the might of my hand has slain;
And I laugh with the laughing wind;
And I shriek with the shrieking gale;
For the greatest of all thy tribe,
Most dreaded of all thy race,
Shall die by my hand to-day.'

"On came the Great Beaver, unheeding the war song of Little Thunder, for he had never yet met any one who dared stand before him. As he came close to the canoe, he raised his great tail, longer than a wigwam; but before he could bring it down upon the vessel, Little Thunder cleft it from end to end with one blow of his tomahawk, and the beaver disappeared beneath the water with a terrible cry of fear and pain.

"'Beaver, I knew you were a coward!' shouted Little Thunder tauntingly. 'Had

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you hit me with your axe I should not have cried out in pain and fear. I should have suffered it in silence like a warrior!’

“ But the beaver made no answer. He had dived deep down into the sea, leaving a broad trail of blood behind him, which spread and covered the water far and near.

“ Little Thunder sang his song of victory, as they sailed over the sunlit sea, over the Big Sea Water, over the Ocean of the Great Spirit. Loudly he sang it; and the great gray sea loons looked wonderingly at him who had come to disturb their peace where man had never been before.

“ As the magic canoe rounded a great cliff they came suddenly upon a mighty form that projected itself far out into the sea of waters. Onward it came, driving before it a great wall of mist. Far ahead of it stretched the mist, so that its outer edge enveloped the canoe, while the farther end was on the distant horizon. Terrible was the stench of the mist.

“ Badger knew, by his magic, that the new enemy was the King of all the Skunks, the most evil-smelling of all beasts, who had blown his poisonous breath upon them to kill them. So he began playing upon his magic flute, and

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the awful stench retreated as the canoe advanced upon it, piling itself up thicker and thicker about the King of all the Skunks, who thus could not see that the canoe was coming toward him; but Badger, by his magic, perceived the huge form of the skunk, through the ever-thickening mist, and hurling his spear, he pierced him through the body. With a howl of pain, the huge beast sprang upon the low shore of the great cliff, and Badger, following after him, seized him by the tail and, swinging him about his head, hurled him into the top of a high pine tree, saying:

“ ‘Stay there until the crows pick your bones, you most evil smelling of all evil things!’ ”

“ ‘As they sailed onward over the sunlit sea, the cries of the great skunk were ever in their ears, for he could not free himself from the pine tree, a branch of which had pierced him through and through; and he feared that Badger, by his magic, might send the crows and vultures upon him as he had threatened. ”

“ ‘Have pity upon me, oh, great magician, have pity upon me!’ he cried, ‘and do not let the vultures pick my eyes out!’ ”

“ ‘Badger shouted back over the waters:

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“ ‘ Have no fear, great coward, for not even a crow would pick the bones of such an evil thing as you! ’

“ As they sailed onward toward the setting sun, over the sea came a vast bulk, so huge it shut out the light of the day. As it came nearer and nearer, from its head sprang two rivers of water which, rising high into the air, fell to the earth like two glistening, many-colored rainbows.

“ By his magic Badger knew this was the King of all the Whales, the most fearful beast of the sea, so he cried:

“ ‘ My good magic, make me many times taller than the tallest tree in the forest! ’

“ At once he began to grow. Upward he stretched until he reached the very clouds, and with him grew his spear, his magic spear, which became longer than the trunk of the tallest tree that ever grew.

“ As the whale rushed upon him, Badger struck him with his monster spear; fair in the middle of the body he struck him. Then raising him lightly as though he had been a plaything, he shoved him in among the clouds.

“ Fearfully the whale roared, loud as the

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thunder voices from the heart of the mountains, and begged for mercy.

“ ‘What an old woman you are, great King of the Whales,’ cried Badger contemptuously. ‘Had you speared me in this way, I would never have uttered a groan. Go back into the water and join your fishes that they may know what a coward they have for a leader!’

“Saying this, he hurled the whale, with a sudden jerk of his mighty spear, far across the Big Sea Water, where, still bellowing, it sank out of sight.

“For many days they sailed in the magic canoe, over the Big Sea Water, over the sunlit sea, and still many other adventures they met with, encounters with the cunning and powerful wizards of the Old Chief. But Badger, by the greatness of his magic, overcame them all, and thus at last they came to the home of Glooskap, far on the outer borders of the Big Sea Water. There on the shore was the master waiting to receive them. To Badger, as he drew his canoe upon the shore, he said:

“ ‘The magic you so wished for, has it been all you desired, my son?’

“And Badger, remembering the many won-

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ders he had worked since he had left the home of Glooskap, answered:

“ ‘Great lord of beasts and men, no one could wish for more.’

“ Then turning to Little Thunder, Glooskap inquired:

“ ‘And you, great chief, has your magic worked your heart’s desire?’

“ And Little Thunder answered, smiling, looking at Wechipi:

“ ‘Has not the master of beasts and men eyes to see?’

“ And the Master said, smiling too:

“ ‘Yours is the answer of the young man who ever thinks all the world sees with the eyes of love.’

“ Twice four days remained Little Thunder, Badger and Wechipi at the island home of Glooskap. And these were twice four days of wonder. Then on the ninth day they set out for home over the Big Sea Water in the magic stone canoe. Twice four days they traveled homeward; but they were uneventful days, for they were now beyond the power of the magic of the Old Chief. When at last they reached their own land, Badger faced the stone canoe toward the home of Glooskap, saying:

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“ ‘ Stone canoe, go back to him who made thee and gave thee life, to the Master of Men and Beasts.’

“ The stone canoe glided swiftly over the waters and was soon out of sight.”

IX

WHY ANIMALS DO NOT TALK

THE Factor had a handsome, full-blooded collie of which he was very proud. He and the dog were inseparable companions. The collie sat gravely through the meetings around the Wigwam fire in which he seemed to take as much interest as though he were a member of the camp, as indeed he had a perfect right to consider himself, for he had been present at the first assembly, and, since then, he had been as regular in his attendance as the Factor himself; and any one would have admitted that was a pretty good record.

One day Orono was absent from the regular meeting around the Wigwam fire, and the Factor, missing him, inquired:

“Where is our great story-teller?”

As if in answer to this inquiry of his master, the collie barked joyfully, as the figure of Orono darkened the doorway.

“He understands every word I say,” said the Factor, patting the animal’s head; “and

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he can even speak in his own way so that I can generally understand him."

"Many years ago," said Orono, "the Great Spirit decreed that the dog should be the only animal that should understand man, and that he should come the nearest of all animals to making himself understood by him."

"And why, Orono, did the Great Spirit decree this?" inquired the Lawyer.

"Because the dog was the only one friendly to man at the Great Council of the Animals," answered Orono.

"Tell us about the Great Council of the Animals, Orono," said the Factor.

And Orono began:

"This is the story of the first Great Council of the Animals, that is, the first council at which man was not present.

"Away back in the days of our ancestors all the animals talked just as men do now. In those days they all met together, from time to time, around the camp fire, men and animals, in a great peace council. This was in the early time before man had begun to learn things. He was still so ignorant that the least of the animals knew more than he, and they all had pity on him and said among themselves:



“They all met together, from time to time, around the camp fire.” *Page 158.*

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“ ‘ This man is such a know-nothing he is a shame to us all. Let us teach him so that he may not be such an ignorant fellow; so that he shall no longer know nothing. What is there of all the knowledge of the world that he knows? He cannot build houses like the beaver, or climb trees like the raccoon, or run swiftly like the deer; neither can he fight his enemies like the wolf, the tiger and the bear. He cannot fish like the otter, or dive like the muskrat. He has not the cunning of the fox, and he does not know how to lie in wait for his enemies like the panther. He is ignorant of all the things that we animals know. He is a very ignorant fellow indeed.’

“ Thus all the animals had pity on man, and they discussed ways and means of helping him.

“ ‘ The best thing to do,’ said the wise old owl, who presided at the meeting, ‘ is for each of us here present to say what he is willing to do for man to make him a little wiser and more like the rest of us, for if we do not do something to save him he must surely perish from the face of the earth.’

“ ‘ He needs to know how to build houses,’ said the beaver, ‘ for he has not a covering of thick hair to protect himself as we have. So

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he suffers very much from the cold, and he is often hungry when the snow is on the ground because he does not know how to find things to eat. I will teach him how to build houses and catch fish.'

" 'Man is a poor, miserable, cowardly fellow,' said the bear. 'I will teach him how to fight his enemies, to put them to flight and to live in safety in his own land.'

" 'And I will teach him to lead his braves in battle and to follow the trail,' said the wolf.

" 'And I,' said the dog, 'will teach him to have patience, tact and watchfulness, and to be ever faithful to his friends and to those who trust him.'

" 'He crawls along the ground like a miserable snail,' said the raccoon. 'I will teach him how to climb trees and to hide in the thick foliage of the branches.'

" 'When you have taught him all these things,' said the panther, 'I will show him how to make proper use of them. I will teach him to follow the trail among the rocks and through the thickets, and to hide himself in cliffs and caves, in trees and jungles, there to await his enemy and to spring suddenly upon him.'

" 'And I,' said the fox, 'when you have

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taught him all these things, will teach him how to flatter, to deceive and to cheat his enemies.'

"All the animals did as they had agreed, and it was not long before man became stronger, swifter, more patient and more cunning than the strongest, swiftest, most patient and most cunning of them all. Everything the animals knew he knew. He built better and more comfortable houses than the beaver, and devised ways of catching fish that the beaver had never thought of. With the trees that he had cut down to build his houses he made fires to keep himself warm. So in the coldest weather he was warmer even than the beaver with his thick coat of fur. He fought better and more bravely than the bear and found many new ways of attacking his enemy. Stones, clubs, darts, spears and arrows he invented and used, until at last the bear himself became afraid of man and did not dare invite him to battle. He followed the trail better and led his warriors into battle more bravely than the wolf himself, and he was more faithful to his friends and had more tact, patience and watchfulness than the dog. He learned to climb trees, and he forced the panther so far out on the dizzy places that it made his old head swim. He laid more cun-

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ning schemes to track or mislead his enemies than the panther had ever conceived, and he not only followed the trail better than the wolf and the dog, but he learned to cover up his own tracks so cunningly that not even the keenest animal could detect them. All the foxes in the world could not cheat, deceive and flatter so well as one single man.

“ The animals began to say to one another:

“ ‘ Man is no longer a miserable, ignorant fellow. There is nothing we know that he does not know, and whatever he does he does it better than we. He has become the master of us all.’

“ Thus they talked, and as they talked they became more discontented. By and by they began to meet in little groups, in secret, to tell one another their troubles. The bolder spirits proposed a great council of all the animals to which no man was to be invited. In this it was to be different from any council ever before held.

“ ‘ Let us hold it in secret,’ said the fox. ‘ Let it be very secret, for, if it is not, man will be sure to find out all about it and then there will be trouble.’

“ ‘ I don’t care for secret meetings,’ said the

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bear, ‘on general principles, but this seems to be an occasion when we must certainly cover up our tracks. We are to decide what we are to do with man so that he may not lord it over us. So we must not let him know what we are about to do or what we have done when we have done it.’

“All the other animals agreed with the bear. Finally it was decided to hold the meeting in the dead of the night when man must surely be asleep. The assembly place was to be deep in the heart of the forest. All the animals were summoned to meet there and to cover up their tracks so that there might be no way for man to know that the meeting had taken place.

“The owl, as before, presided at the meeting, and the wolf was the first speaker, for he liked to put himself forward on all occasions where there was a crowd to listen to him and especially where there was no danger. He said:

“ ‘Brothers, there is no doubt we made a great mistake when we took pity on man and taught him our secrets, for he is not like the rest of us. Each of us has something he can do better than any one else, but he does not want to learn anything more. He is perfectly

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content with what he knows and what his father knew. But this is not the way with man. *He* is not satisfied with what he knows. He is not even satisfied with what he learns. He wants to do things better than any one else, and to-morrow he always does what he does better than to-day. It is not right that one individual should thus take to himself all the knowledge of the world, which the Great Spirit has divided among us, a little to this one and a little to that one, as it has always been from the beginning. This, as any one can see, is the natural way. The beaver builds houses and cuts down trees; the eagle flies above the clouds and speaks with the thunder birds; the squirrel piles up his nuts for the winter; the bear knows how to sleep the cold season through and not get hungry; the bee makes and stores up his honey; the dog follows the trail with his nose; the wolf leads his braves into battle. Thus each animal has some special knowledge which helps him to live and protects him from danger, or cold or hunger or heat. But now man has taken all this knowledge to himself, and he has so improved upon what he has learned through our kind-heartedness and foolishness, that he has made his knowledge so wide and

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deep that not one of us is safe from him. And we never shall be until we have all this knowledge to ourselves again. There is only one way to accomplish this. We must put man out of the way, and we must see to it that no one else shall again gather to himself all our knowledge.'

" 'You have made a long and very good speech, brother wolf,' said the owl. 'But how do you propose to get all this knowledge back from man? We know very well that anything he once gets he never loses; and now that he has our secrets he is, you may be sure, going to do his best to keep them.'

" 'That's just the trouble,' agreed the wolf. 'And that's why I would have no pity on him. Let me organize a war party of all the animals, and let me lead it as I lead my braves into battle. We'll rush upon man in the middle of the night when he is asleep and kill every one in the village, — men, women and children. We'll not leave a single one of the man race to remember the things we have been foolish enough to teach them.'

" 'That's not a good plan,' objected the panther. 'There's too much fighting in the open, and too much danger where there's no

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need of it. We are many and man is few. Let us all lie in wait for him behind rocks and among the branches of the trees, in the thickets, the caves and dark places, and on the tops of cliffs; and let us spring suddenly upon him when he is not watching us and does not suspect us. In this way we shall be able to kill the whole man family without the least danger to ourselves.'

" 'It seems to me it would be a much better plan,' said the beaver, 'to wait until the dead of winter, when the cold winds are sending their armies of snow and hail and frost from the Northland. Then let us come upon the man-villages at the dead of night and pull down the houses and run off with the clothing and the bed robes, and destroy all the food that man has piled up for the winter. When we have done this, he will be in such a sorry condition he will gladly agree to anything we wish. When he has done this he will be just as before we were so foolish as to have pity on him and help him, for we will force him to give us back our secrets, and we will make him dependent upon us once more.'

"The fox laughed.

" 'That might do,' he said, 'if we could get

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all our knowledge back from man, as beaver thinks we could. But we can't; for he never gives up anything that he has once got into his possession, and he never forgets anything that he has once learned.'

" 'Let us fight this battle fair!' broke in the bear. 'I have no patience with these underhand ways. Let us all come together, as the wolf suggests, into one great war party, and let us drive man up into the mountains and keep him there where he can no longer do us any harm. Or let us allow him to come back only when he agrees to be our servant and to always do what we require him to do.'

"The fox laughed again. 'I have taught him all my tricks,' he said. 'I have showed him how to cheat, to steal, to lie, to pretend, and now he can cheat, steal, lie and pretend better than I and all my tribe together. You may be sure that, if we drive him into the mountains or destroy all his houses or food, he will pretend to submit to any plan we may propose. But he will use all our knowledge against us and every one of us will suffer. Drive him into the mountains and he will come back again and hunt and kill us all. I have a much better plan than any yet proposed. Let

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us all pretend to be the very good friends of man. Then let us steal his corn, pull up his fishing nets and traps and set his boats adrift so that they may float down to the Big Sea Water and be lost. Let us, in short, cheat him out of everything he has, while pretending to be his best friends and telling him how sorry we are when we learn of his losses. We can do all this without any danger to ourselves.'

“ ‘ I want to protest against this meeting for several reasons,’ said the dog. ‘ In the first place it is contrary to custom. At all previous meetings man has been with us. Our assemblies and our councils have been peaceful, and no one has thought of killing any one. But now that we have broken the law of our council meetings, we have heard of nothing but killing and cheating, hatred and lying. Why have we broken our custom that has been respected until now ever since the first great council? Is it because man has injured us in any way? I am sure there is not one of you dare say that he has. It is true he has remembered everything each of us has taught him, and that out of this knowledge he has made more knowledge to grow just as he makes much corn grow from a little corn. But he has

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never injured us in the least. On the contrary, often in the cold winter, when there has been no food for us animals, he has taken us into his house and has fed us. I have lived with him for many years, and I know he has only kind thoughts for all of us. Never once, even when he has had little to eat himself, has he refused food to the sick or the needy. He is always true to his friends, and he only cheats those who would cheat him. If we continue to treat him right he will treat us right. But if we try to injure him he will certainly pay us back. Let us hold another council, and let it be, according to custom, with man and all the animals present. There we can discuss our relations with man, now that he has all our knowledge and much more that he has added to it. It is quite true that man has become much cleverer than we, but he has robbed no one in doing so. He is just as friendly toward us as he was before, and now he helps us more because he knows more. Let us all learn from him. Let us teach one another so that we may, in time, come to have common knowledge as man has. Then we too shall be able to add to our knowledge as he does.'

“The speech of the dog made the other ani-

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mals very angry and they all began to talk and to shout and to shriek at the same time, so that it was impossible for any one to understand or even to hear what any of the others said.

“ The Great Spirit, who had word of the council of the animals and had come down to learn what it was all about, had, unseen, listened to all the speeches, and as he had listened, he had grown more and more angry. At last he stepped into the council meeting, right into the center of it, and said:

“ ‘ I have placed you all here upon earth, and I have given each of you his own peculiar knowledge so that you might be all useful and contented. And I have provided that each of you might never suffer from want or heat or cold. To man I have given the gift of learning all things that he might be good to you and that he might make the earth-land more habitable. In the days long past I commanded that always at the Great Council Fire men and animals should meet together to discuss their affairs and their relationships with one another. But you have met here in secret, around a council fire that is not according to custom. Because you have broken my command, your hearts have gone astray. There-

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fore you shall never again hold a council fire with man. From this day you shall be no longer able to speak with him. When man hears of this meeting, as he most surely will as he hears of all things, the animals will become his prey. The beaver, who would rob him of his house, shall furnish him with his skin to make his clothing and to line his wigwam in winter to keep him warm. The bear, the wolf and the panther he shall always treat as enemies, and the fox he shall look upon as a cheat, a sneak and a thief, and he shall set traps and snares for him. The dog has defended man, as he should have done, but he had no business coming to this meeting which he must have known was not according to custom. So he shall, therefore, like the rest of you, no longer be able to speak. But he and man shall not be enemies. He shall live with man and shall love and defend him and be his good and faithful friend, as he has always been, and has shown himself at this council fire. He shall come the nearest of all the animals to speaking the language of man, and man shall understand him when he tries to express his thoughts to him. When man dies the dog shall go with him to the Happy Hunting Ground,

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there to be his faithful companion and friend.'

"As the Great Spirit decreed so it happened. Since that day the animals have met but seldom around the Great Council Fire, for they have learned to fear and to hate one another and to prey the one upon the other. And they have all become the prey of man, who has gone on increasing his knowledge from day to day, until now their fear of him is greater than their fear of one another. The dog alone has no fear of him."

"It may well be true," said the Factor, stroking the head of the collie who looked up into his face comprehendingly.

"It is all true," said Orono with conviction.

X

THE LAST GREAT COUNCIL FIRE

THE Factor came into the Wigwam bearing a huge bunch of spring flowers in his arms. He had lived so long in the open country in the far North; had traveled so much with the voyageurs and the trappers and had spent so many years in visiting posts far apart that he had come to look upon the outdoors as his natural home.

“It is beautiful on the mountains and in the woods to-day,” he said. “The breath of spring is in the air everywhere, and the flowers are awakening from their long sleep.”

He was poetical, at times, was the Factor, with that sensitive love of nature which is the peculiar heritage of the Celt.

“It was on a day like this,” said René, “that the trees, the plants, the flowers and the roots met with the chipmunk around the Last Great Council Fire.”

“It is a story, René?” interrupted the Lawyer, an interrogative tone in his voice.

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“ Yes,” answered René. “ It is a story. It is two or three stories in one.”

“ Tell us about the last council fire, René,” said the Factor. “ It ought to be a good story.”

“ It is a good story,” affirmed René, and he began:

“ When man found out the animals had held a great council without him he was very angry, and he said:

“ ‘ The beasts whom I have always treated as friends, whom I have sheltered in my wigwam in the winter and to whom I have given food to eat when they were hungry, have plotted to kill me. I will hunt them in the valleys and on the hills and in the open country and in the deep forest, and they shall learn what it means to have made me their enemy.’

“ And man did as he had said he would. He tracked the bear to his mountain cave, he followed the trail of the wolf, and he laughed at him when he came forth with his braves to meet him. He broke down the dam of the beaver and he took his little ones for food and his skin for clothing and for the lining of his wigwam in winter. He set traps for the fox and the wolverine in the forest and along the

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streams. Soon all the animals began to fear man, and they fled from before him and hid themselves from him. But no matter where or how carefully they hid themselves, he found them.

“ In those days there were among the animals, as among men, great medicine men and great enchanters, and the animals said among themselves:

“ ‘ Let our great medicine men and our mighty enchanters meet in council once more that they may find some way to destroy man before he kills us all.’

“ And the great medicine men and the mighty enchanters of the animals met in council, in very secret council, far within the dark forest, in the dead of night. Even there they were fearful that man might find out what they were doing and become still more angry with them and more determined to punish them.

“ The owl presiding said:

“ ‘ My brothers, you all know why we have met together in this secret place far within this dark forest. The words of the Great Spirit have come true, and man has become our enemy and is using all our knowledge against us. The

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plans we make, however secret they be, he finds out, and he laughs at us for our pains. So great is our fear of him that we, the great medicine men of our people, scarcely have dared to hold this meeting at the dead of night deep within the forest far from the home of man. But just because we have such fear of him is, as you all know, the reason we have met here to agree upon some means of getting rid of him.'

"The rabbit, who is, as every one knows, a great medicine man, spoke first. He said:

" 'Brothers, we have been foolish enough to reveal to man all our good knowledge. But the evil knowledge we possess we have kept to ourselves. Of *this* man knows nothing, because all he knows he has learned from us. Let us visit upon him all our evil charms; let us work upon him our black magic, our fearful medicine!'

"All the medicine men thought this a very good plan except the chipmunk, who said:

" 'Brothers, I have always lived close to the home of man and he has never done me any harm. As you say, he is very powerful. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be better to make friends with him than to try to do him

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harm, for if we do he will surely find a way to overcome all the evil magic you send against him.'

" 'This faint-hearted little chipmunk medicine man,' grumbled the bear, 'is like the dog whom we have not invited because we know he likes a warm place within the wigwam of his master better than to share the misfortunes of his natural friends.'

" 'I do not live in the wigwam of man,' said the chipmunk.

" 'No, but you'd like to if you were not afraid of the dog,' snarled the wolverine. 'You're so little and so useless it isn't worth man's while to hunt you. He can't make clothing of your skin and the meat on your bones isn't worth the picking.'

" All the animals laughed long and loud at the wolverine's witty sally.

" 'We haven't come here to quarrel, brothers,' said the owl. 'Let us consider what the rabbit has proposed. For my part I think his idea is a very good one, and I would like to hear what you all think of it?'

" 'I know something about evil magic and charms,' said the snake. 'I have always maintained that the only way to get good results

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out of our medicine lodge is to use all the power of evil that is in us. I have never had any use, as you all well know, for good medicine, and I am glad the rabbit has come around to my way of thinking. I don't *think* his plan is a good one, I *know* it is.'

" 'I am of the same opinion as brother snake,' said the mosquito. 'I have always followed his plan, for I believe in putting something into my medicine, and I have always found it works better than good magic. I vote that we try brother rabbit's plan.'

" 'Yes, let us try brother rabbit's plan!' shouted all the medicine men together.

" 'I am glad you are of my opinion,' said the owl. 'Now I would like to know just what each of you can and will promise to visit upon man.'

" The deer, who had been lying in the shadow beyond the reach of the heat of the fire, which he did not like, arose and, coming forward where he could be seen, said:

" 'It is true man has become our enemy, and a fearful enemy he is. He never lets me rest in peace, and every day some of my family fall beneath the sure and certain aim of his arrows or his spear. We must do everything

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we can to break his power over us. The plan proposed by the rabbit seems to me, too, to be very good, and I promise, for myself and my brothers, to help its success by sending upon man rheumatism, lumbago and all other diseases of the muscles, and to cripple him so that he shall not be able to run after us swiftly, as he does now, or to aim his spears, his darts and his arrows with such deadly certainty.'

“ ‘And I,’ said the Big Medicine Man of All the Reptiles, ‘promise, for me and mine, to visit him with the most fearful dreams, so that, when his muscles and his joints are swollen with rheumatism, lumbago and other diseases, he may not be able to sleep, and so become weaker from day to day. I will make his hand unsteady and his aim still more uncertain.’

“ ‘And I,’ promised the snake, ‘who represent, at this council fire, the poisonous and stinging animals, will see to it that they visit upon man all the plagues which the Great Spirit long ago confided to us. We will sting him and bite him till we make him wish he were dead.’

“ At this every one began to shout and cry

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and screech and howl with joy; but the owl silenced them saying sternly:

“ ‘Hush! man may hear you.’

“ Every one became suddenly silent and peered apprehensively into the forest as though fearing to see the great enemy coming out of its dark depths.

“ The bald eagle, who had been listening gravely to all that passed in the meeting without saying a word, now arose, and speaking very slowly and deliberately, said:

“ ‘Brothers, I who am the great medicine man of all the birds, promise for myself and them to trouble man as he never before has been troubled. I will send upon him colds to fill his lungs, his head and his throat, to shake his frame with coughs and to make his bones sore with fever.’

“ ‘And I who represent all the insects,’ said the mosquito, ‘promise to aid the good work. We will visit upon man all kinds of poisonous and malarial diseases so that he shall die of them without knowing what is the matter with him or being able to fight them; for he can only fight what he can lay his hands on since we have given him no other knowledge.’

“ ‘I feel sure,’ said the owl, ‘that we have

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at last found a way not only to conquer man but to make him a still more miserable creature than he was before we first took pity on him and revealed to him our good secrets. If we cannot destroy him altogether, we surely can make him harmless and force him to allow us to live in peace. But if our plan is to succeed, every one must do his part without fear or pity.'

"All the medicine men having promised each to keep his part of the contract, they put out the council fire, covered up all traces of it most carefully and crept off into the forest noiselessly, as had become their habit since the last Great Council Fire when the Manitu gave them over to the vengeance of man.

"At once the animals began to visit upon man all the evil magic and enchantments their wisest medicine men knew. For the first time diseases appeared upon earth, for until then the animals had kept them shut up and carefully guarded. They unloosed them and sent them forth, saying:

" 'Go and do all the harm you can to man, for he is killing us and our little ones, and we much fear we shall disappear from the earth

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if something is not done to make of no avail the knowledge he has learned from us.'

"Plagues of all kinds fell upon the villages of man, and everywhere were pain and suffering, sickness and death. All night and all day men, women and children crooned the death song, and so great was the sorrow that had come upon them that they no longer cared to hunt or fish or plant corn and beans or gather wild fruits and rice.

"The animals once more roamed the hills, the valleys and the forests without fear. And much they rejoiced when they met one another, saying:

" 'You have done very well, brother. Our enemy has learned that we have weapons greater even than the spears, the darts, the clubs, the arrows and the knives which he has invented for himself.'

"Of all the animals there were only two who felt sorry for man. These were the dog and the little chipmunk. The dog remained always in the wigwam with man, comforting him with his faithful eyes, looking what he could not say:

" 'Master, I am very sorry but I do not know what to do to help you.'

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“ The chipmunk said:

“ ‘ This thing that the animals have sent upon man is very bad. There has never been anything nearly so bad as it in the world before. If some way is not found to help him he must soon disappear from the earth.’

“ Many hours the chipmunk sat in the forest, thinking and thinking, but he could not think of any plan to drive away from the villages of man the terrible magic of the diseases the animals had sent into them. He came into the edge of the clearing and there he sat in the sun at the foot of a great beach tree, and he said to himself:

“ ‘ At any rate man will see that I am still his friend and that I have not forgotten him.’

“ But man was so taken up with his own troubles that he did not notice the little chipmunk, did not smile on him as he had been accustomed to do and call him his good little friend.

“ Late in the afternoon the ground hog passed by and the chipmunk called out to him:

“ ‘ Where are you going, brother? ’

“ ‘ I am going down to the ravine,’ answered the ground hog.

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“ ‘And why are you going so far away?’ inquired the chipmunk.

“ ‘I do not feel well,’ answered the ground hog, ‘and I am going down there to look for a certain grass that always cures me when I am sick.’

“ As the ground hog waddled off down the hill, the chipmunk thought:

“ ‘What a stupid fellow I am! My old grandmother told me, long ago, that the greatest of all medicine men are to be found among the trees and flowers of the fields and the forests. I shall go and visit them and see if I cannot get them to cure man of all the plagues the animals have sent upon him.’

“ At once the chipmunk hurried through the fields and the forest and invited the trees and the flowers to a Great Council Fire that very night to be held near his own home, for he said:

“ ‘There is no danger now of man coming suddenly upon us. He has too much trouble at home.’

“ When all the plants and the trees had come to the council fire the chipmunk said:

“ ‘Cousins, our brother, man, is in very great need of help, for the animals have sent

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many and great plagues upon him so that his sons, his wives and his daughters are all leaving him and going over the long trail to the other world. Now one hears nothing in all the villages of man but the mournful sound of the death song.'

" 'We are sorry,' said the swamp elm, 'for man has never done us any harm. We would help him if we could.'

" And all the other trees, plants and flowers assented:

" 'No, man has never done us any harm. We would help him if we could.'

" 'You *can* help him,' said the chipmunk very emphatically for such a little animal.

" 'And how can we help him?' inquired the pine doubtfully, for he was inclined to look upon the gloomy side of life.

" 'Among men,' said the chipmunk gravely, 'there are great medicine men. Among the animals there are still greater medicine men. They have sent their charms and enchantments into the villages of man, and there are no medicine men there strong enough to drive them out. So man is dying from the evil charms and enchantments of the animals. But among

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the plants, the trees and the flowers, as my wise old grandmother has often assured me, there are still greater medicine men than are to be found among men or animals.'

" 'It is true,' agreed the balsam, 'that in my family there have been very great medicine men farther back than our grandfathers could remember.'

" 'And in my family, too,' said the pine.

" 'And in mine also,' cried the spruce.

" 'And in mine, too,' added the solemn voice of the slippery elm.

" 'And mine, and mine, and mine,' echoed plants and flowers, bushes and trees.

" 'Well, I see my wise old grandmother was not mistaken,' said the chipmunk, 'when she told me that the greatest of all the medicine men were to be found among the trees, the plants and the flowers. And as man has always been your friend and as he has always been mine, I would like to hear what each of you is willing to do to help him.'

" 'I will give him my gum, which is a very powerful medicine,' said the balsam.

" 'And I will give him mine,' said the pine.

" 'And I mine,' added the spruce.

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“ ‘ And I’ll give him my yellow bark,’ said the willow in a sleepy voice.

“ ‘ And I mine,’ whispered the slippery elm in a watery tone.

“ ‘ And I’ll lend him my roots,’ said the sassafras.

“ ‘ And I’ll give him my apples,’ added the mandrake.

“ ‘ And I my berries,’ cried the winter-green.

“ ‘ And I’ll make him some tea for his fever and his cold,’ promised the catnip.

“ ‘ And I’ll make him some, too,’ volunteered the boneset.

“ ‘ And I’ll give him something to warm him up when he has the chills,’ said the ginger.

“ ‘ And I’ll help to warm him too,’ said the pepper.

“ ‘ I’ll give him a nice, cool, pleasant drink,’ offered the peppermint.

“ ‘ And I’ll give him something to straighten out his system,’ said the sarsaparilla.

“ ‘ And I’ll give him the finest and most appetizing tonic,’ promised the gentian.

“ Thus all the trees, plants, flowers and roots offered to help, each in his own way.

“ ‘ I thank you all, brothers,’ said the chip-

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munk, ‘ for your kindness to our good brother, man. Bring your gifts to my house and I will take them down to the village at once and give them to him.’

“ The trees, the plants, the flowers and the roots brought each his gift to the house of the chipmunk that same evening, and the chipmunk took them down to the village and gave them to man, saying:

“ ‘ I and my friends, the trees, the plants, the flowers and the roots, are sorry to see you suffering from the great magic of the animal medicine men who have sent these many plagues upon you, your wives and your children; and we have brought you all the gifts and enchantments known to us that you may cure yourself and your family with them.’

“ Man took the gifts, saying:

“ ‘ Thank you, little chipmunk. You are my one true friend. You shall always live near to my house, and no one shall make you afraid. You shall ever take an interest in all that man does. Henceforth you, of all the animals, shall alone come and go as you please, and no one shall do you harm.’

“ And since that day it has always been as man promised it would. The chipmunk lives

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in the forest near to the wigwam, and no one does him harm or frightens him. Even the children playing at hunting in the edge of the forest, when they see him, salute him, saying:

“ ‘ Good day, little medicine man! We wish you well, for you were the good friend of our grandfathers.’ ”

XI

HOW THE MOSQUITOES CAME

THE mosquitoes were very bad and Orono and René had lighted fires to the windward of the Wigwam in order that the smoke might drive them away. Then they had smoked the Wigwam itself within by smothering the fire, and when they had thus driven the insects out they had drawn the coverings tightly over the door openings that they might not be able to come in again that night.

“The mosquitoes have never forgotten the death of their mother,” said René, as he fed the fire with pine wood to make it burn brightly once more.

“Tell us about the mother of the mosquitoes, René,” said the Lawyer.

“It was a very long time ago,” began René, “that the Great Mosquito lived in the swamp behind the Beaver Meadow, over there toward the sunset. This mother of the mosquitoes

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was a monster animal with a body larger than a bear, wings almost as long as a tree, and great teeth longer and sharper than arrows. It had legs and claws much longer and stronger than the king of all the eagles, and its bill was like a young pine tree. Swifter was it in flight than the loon, and its voice was loud as the voice of the Thunder Bird.

“Whenever the screech of the Great Mosquito was heard or the shadow of her wings fell upon the land, the people fled in terror and hid themselves behind rocks or in caves, for in their homes there was no safety, because, with her beak and claws, the monster tore the wigwams into pieces and scattered the bark and poles far and wide. All the corn fields she destroyed in a single night, and with the flashes from her eyes she set the dry forest afire. Then the people deserted their homes and went to live in a great cave, half a day’s journey on the other side of the Beaver Meadow. But though they were safe there from the Great Mosquito, they were in danger of starving, since the corn crop had been destroyed and the hunters dare not venture forth from the cave to hunt.

“One day the high sachem called the wise

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men and the warriors into the council lodge to consider what should be done to rid themselves of the Great Mosquito. After many plans had been proposed and all had been rejected, a young chief, who had not yet spoken, arose and said:

“ ‘ Fathers and brothers, I had not intended to speak at this meeting, for I thought some one older and wiser than I would surely propose an acceptable plan to get rid of our great enemy. But since none of the plans offered has been pleasing to you all, I should like to present one which seems to me to offer a possibility of success. I present it simply because no better plan has been offered.

“ ‘ Let us dig a deep hole in the earth, wide enough for a man to descend into. Let us hollow it out into a roomy cavern underneath. I will stand at the mouth of the hole and try to lasso the Great Mosquito, when she comes near, if my brothers will allow me, one of the youngest of the braves, to have this honor. I shall fasten one end of the lasso round the trunk of a tree so that the beast may not be able to escape, even if she should catch me before I have time to drop into the hole.’

“ ‘ The plan is very wise for one so young

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on the trail,' said the sachem; 'and to him who proposes it belongs the honor of trying it out.'

"One party of braves went to dig the hole while others were stationed on the cliff above to watch for the coming of the Great Mosquito and to give warning to the diggers of her approach.

"When the hole had been dug it was covered over with light twigs and dry grass so as to hide it completely.

"Fastening one end of his lasso to a great maple tree and holding the other looped in his hand, the young brave waited the coming of the enemy. Three long days he waited, but the Great Mosquito did not appear. On the morning of the fourth day a broad shadow fell upon the earth, covering the mouth of the cave in which all the people were hidden. The waiting warrior, seeing the shadow fall upon the earth at midday when there was not a cloud in the sky, looked upward past the top of the high cliff and saw the great insect circling, like a hawk, far above the cliff and apparently examining carefully and minutely the entrance to the cave.

" 'She has discovered our hiding place, there is no doubt of that,' thought the young

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warrior; ‘and we must either kill her or she will kill us by starving us, for no one can now come out of the cave.’

“He began to shout very loud to attract the attention of the mosquito, and soon the great beast saw him. Swiftly she circled round and round examining him with great care.

“The young warrior waved his arms and shouted his defiance:

“‘You great, long-legged monster, you are a coward and a boaster. You terrify the women and the children, but you are afraid to come out and fight with a warrior, to face the spear and arrows of a warrior!’

“Suddenly, with the swiftness of an eagle, the mosquito swept down upon the young warrior, and he had scarcely time to cast the lasso over its head when it struck him with its great claws, tearing his back and his side as he dropped through the opening into the grotto.

“The great beast uttered such a screech of hate and rage the earth shook. At once she began to scratch up the ground with her eagle-like claws, but her feet became entangled in the lasso. As she flew upward, in an attempt

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to free herself, the cord upon her neck tightened, and she fell to the earth with a heavy thud.

“The warriors who had been watching the battle from the mouth of the cave rushed out and began to attack the struggling beast, which fought with terrible fury. First in one direction and then in the other it half sprang, half flew, as far as the lasso about its neck would permit. But at each mad effort the cord drew tighter and tighter about its throat, until at last it fell strangled, its body riddled with arrows, spears and darts.

“Two warriors descended into the grotto and hoisted the wounded brave out through the opening just in time, for he was almost dead from loss of blood. They bound up his wounds and carried him back to the cave while the older braves went ahead, shouting his praise and singing, in his honor, songs of victory.

“The following day all the people held a ceremonial dance to the Great Spirit who had given them the victory over their enemy. As they sang and danced, and beat their drums and blew their whistles, the air was suddenly darkened by a cloud of tiny mosquitoes that

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descended upon them and drove them back into the cave, at the mouth of which the women and the children had built a fire, the smoke from which rose in dense clouds. This the mosquitoes could not pass. Thousands of them were smothered to death by the fire and smoke as they tried to enter the cave.

“ All night the mosquitoes buzzed about the mouth of the cave like the sound of the wind in the forest. But when the light of the morning appeared, they fled to the swamp land beyond the great Beaver Meadow.

“ Night after night dense swarms of mosquitoes came after sunset, from one direction, and disappeared in the opposite direction, in the morning.

“ One afternoon two hunters, returning home later than usual, came upon the body of the Great Mosquito, which was still lying unburied where it had been killed. And they saw issuing from it dense swarms of mosquitoes. As they ran toward the cave, the mosquitoes followed them and stung them so severely they left them half-dead.

“ The following morning all the people came out of the cave and burned the body of the Great Mosquito. Since that day the mosqui-

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toes have lived in the swamp lands. They hate all living, moving things and they sting them whenever they meet them, for they have not forgotten the death of their mother, the Great Mosquito.”

XII

SIX-IN-ONE

THE Factor had just finished a story illustrative of the difficulties and adventures of an administrator of a Hudson Bay Company Post.

“You have had as many troubles,” said Baptiste, “as the hunter and his four companions who set out to see the most beautiful maiden in all the world.”

“Did the hunter have charge of a Hudson Bay Post?” inquired the Lawyer with a quizzical smile.

“No,” said Baptiste; “but he covered more ground and had more adventures than a factor.”

“Tell us about the hunter and his companions, Baptiste,” said the Factor.

“Yes, tell us about the hunter and his four companions who set out to see the most beautiful maiden in all the world,” urged the Lawyer.

“It is a sort of two-in-one, like the shoe

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polish,” said Baptiste. “When I have finished it you shall tell me if I have made a shine.

“Once upon a time there lived in a far-off land a maiden so beautiful that young men and old men, warriors and hunters came from far and near to seek her hand in marriage. Among her suitors were so many handsome and clever young men she could not make up her mind which to marry.

“‘My husband must be strong and swift of foot,’ she said. ‘I shall set three tests for my suitors which shall try their strength, their swiftness and their appetite.’

“A young hunter from a far distant country heard of the beautiful maiden and the tests, and he said to himself:

“‘I will go and see her and if she is as beautiful as report says she is, I shall marry her and bring her home.’

“So one day he set out for the land of the beautiful maiden. As he was traveling along, he came to a man who was sitting on a fallen tree trunk and tying great stones to his ankles.

“‘Why are you tying stones to your feet?’ inquired the hunter.

“‘I am the Swift-one,’ answered the man. ‘I have come out to hunt buffalo. I always

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tie stones to my feet when I do that. For you see, when I once begin to run, I run so swiftly I always pass the buffaloes before I can stop myself. If I didn't tie stones to my feet, I'd never catch them.'

" 'Well, never mind the buffaloes now,' said the hunter. 'You can hunt them at any time. I am going to visit the most beautiful maiden in all the world. Come along with me.'

"The Swift-one and the hunter traveled together all that day and part of the next, when they came upon a man gazing into the sky. They stopped and looked at him for a while. But he never took his eyes from the clouds.

" 'What do you see in the sky?' inquired the hunter.

" 'I don't see anything,' answered the man.

" 'Then why are you looking up there?'

" 'I shot an arrow up into the sky this morning,' said the man, 'and I have been waiting ever since for it to come down.'

" 'Never mind your arrow,' said the hunter. 'We are going to see the handsomest maiden in all the world. Come along with us.'

" 'I have heard of this very beautiful maiden,' said the Strong-one, 'and I would like to see her. So I will go along with you.'

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“ The hunter, the Swift-one and the Strong-one traveled together all that day, and about noon the following day they came upon a man who was kneeling and drinking water from a lake. They stopped and watched him for a while, but he went on drinking. He never seemed to get enough.

“ ‘ Why are you drinking so much? ’ asked the hunter. ‘ You must be very thirsty. ’

“ ‘ Yes, I am, ’ said the man. ‘ I am the Thirsty-one. I drank one lake dry yesterday. I am going to drink this one dry to-day, and when I have finished with it I am going to drink the water out of another a little farther on. ’

“ ‘ Well, never mind the lake now, ’ said the hunter. ‘ You can drink it dry some other time. We are going to see the handsomest maiden in all the world. Come along with us! ’

“ ‘ I have heard of the handsome maiden, ’ said the Thirsty-one, ‘ and I should like to see her, so I’ll go with you. ’

“ The hunter, the Swift-one, the Strong-one and the Thirsty-one traveled together all that day, and the following day they came upon a man who was lying with his ear to the ground.

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He paid no attention to them. In fact, he appeared as if he had not noticed them.

“ ‘What are you doing with your ear to the ground?’ inquired the hunter.

“ ‘I am the Far-hearing-one,’ said the man; ‘and I am listening to the grasses, the flowers and the trees growing. Just put your ear down here and listen. You can hear them ever so plainly.’

“ ‘Never mind listening to the grasses, the flowers and the trees just now,’ said the hunter. ‘You can listen to them at any time. We are going to visit the handsomest maiden in all the world. Come along with us!’

“ ‘I have heard of the handsome maiden,’ said the Far-seeing-one, ‘and I should very much like to see her, so I will go along with you.’

“ So the hunter, the Swift-one, the Strong-one, the Thirsty-one and the Far-hearing-one traveled together all that day, and about noon the following day they came to the village of the Handsome Maiden.

“ All the people of the village crowded about them, laughing and jeering at them.

“ ‘Do you think you can win our beautiful maiden?’ they asked. ‘Why the handsomest,

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the strongest, the swiftest and the most famous young men in all the world have already come here to win her, and they have all gone away without her, for there was not one among them all who could perform the tasks she set them.'

" ' I'm going to try,' said the hunter.

" ' *You!*' laughed the people. ' Why, you're the slowest, the weakest and the most unlikely looking of the whole party. You'd better go back home, for you haven't the least show in the world.'

" The hunter never answered even by a word, but left them still laughing and mocking him. He went straight to the wigwam of the Handsome Maiden. When he saw her he said to himself:

" ' She is handsomer than I ever thought any one in all the world could be. I shall surely have her for my wife.'

" In front of the village was an enormous rock so high it completely shut out the light of the sun and shadowed the whole place summer and winter.

" Standing in the shadow of this great rock, the maiden thought, as she looked at the young hunter:

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“ ‘ He is the handsomest of all the young men who have come to marry me. I wish he were stronger, swifter and more capable looking, so that he might have a chance of performing the tasks I have set for my suitors.’

“ The more she looked at him the sorrier she was that she had set the tests and sent notice of them all over the land. But now that she had done so and that she had made it known far and wide that no one should become her husband who could not perform them all, she could not go back on her word. So she said to the young hunter:

“ ‘ Go and roll away this great rock that shuts out the light of the sun from the village!’

“ The hunter turned without a word and walked out of the village sad at heart, for he thought:

“ ‘ Surely there never was born any one strong enough to move this great rock whose shadow is large enough to shut out the light of the sun from a whole village?’

“ As he went on his way, the people laughed and jeered at him again, saying:

“ ‘ See, the brave and strong one, the invincible one, who was surely going to win our

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Handsome Maiden, has given her up already without ever attempting to perform her first test!’

“ Answering never a word he went on to where his companions were sitting on the ground at the edge of the village, for no one had invited them to come in, they were so tired of seeing suitors coming and going day after day.

“ ‘ Have you seen the Handsome Maiden? ’ they all inquired together.

“ ‘ I have,’ said the hunter.

“ ‘ And is she as handsome as the people say she is? ’ inquired the Swift-one.

“ ‘ Yes; she is the handsomest woman in all the world,’ replied the hunter very sorrowfully.

“ ‘ And you are going to win her!’ said the Far-hearing-one.

“ ‘ I cannot do the impossible,’ answered the hunter, shaking his head.

“ ‘ What is there that is impossible?’ inquired the Strong-one with sudden interest.

“ ‘ The task the Handsome Maiden has set me is altogether impossible,’ said the hunter.

“ ‘ And what is this impossible task that the Handsome Maiden has set you?’ asked the Strong-one with still greater interest.

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“ ‘ She has ordered me to roll away this great rock whose shadow shuts out the light of the sun from the village. All the men in the world together could not move it. It is quite impossible.’

“ ‘ No, it’s not,’ said the Strong-one. ‘ I’ll give it a little shove for you.’

“ He put his shoulder to the rock and away it rolled, thundering and grinding down the mountain side into the valley below, and at once the light of the sun streamed into the village.

“ All the people of the village — men, women and children, young and old — beat their drums, blew their whistles and shouted they were so glad, saying:

“ ‘ Mighty is this stranger ;
Strongest of all the young men ;
Strongest of all the old men.
Mighty is he as Kwasind,
Strongest of all the strong men !’

“ Followed by the singing and shouting people, the young hunter returned to the wigwam of the Handsome Maiden and said to her:

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“ ‘As you see, the rock is rolled away.’

“ ‘I am very glad,’ she answered. ‘This is a much more pleasant place now. I hope you may be as fortunate with my remaining tests.’

“ She thought, ‘How handsome he is and how strong he must be!’

“ She said aloud, ‘I always give a dinner to my suitors. But if you want to marry me you must eat and drink everything that is set before you.’

“ ‘I have four friends who have made the journey with me to see the handsomest maiden in all the world,’ said the hunter. ‘May I not have them dine with me?’

“ He looked so handsome the Beautiful One could not say no. So the hunter, the Swift-one, the Strong-one, the Thirsty-one and the Far-hearing-one sat down together to the dinner in the village lodge of the invited guests of honor.

“ When the hunter looked at the immense mass of food he said:

“ ‘No one can ever eat all that in his lifetime.’

“ ‘That is very little,’ said the Strong-one. ‘I could eat much more than that myself.’

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“ When the hunter saw all there was to drink he said:

“ ‘ No one could drink all that, if he were to live the length of a dozen lives.’

“ ‘ That’s very little,’ said the Thirsty-one. ‘ Why, it wouldn’t make even a tiny lake; and I drink up one or two big lakes every day of my life, when I can find them.’

“ The Strong-one ate so fast and so much there was not enough left for the others, and the Thirsty-one drank so fast and such enormous quantities that there was not enough drink to go round, so they had to send for more food and drink. This they did several times until all the food had been eaten and all the drink drunk there was in the village, and still neither the Strong-one nor the Thirsty-one had had enough.

“ ‘ They certainly have very good appetites in my suitor’s country,’ thought the Handsome One.

“ The hunter came to her wigwam and said:

“ ‘ Everything has been eaten and everything has been drunk.’

“ ‘ I am very glad,’ said the Handsome One. ‘ I have but one test left. But I must warn you that it is much more difficult than either of

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the two you have just met. Yet you are so strong and have such a good appetite I hope you may be able to do it.

“ ‘ In our village there is a young woman who is such a wonderfully swift runner that the people have called her the Wind Woman. She has run against all the most famous runners from far and near, and no one has been able to win a race from her. But whoever marries me must not be so slow as to be out-run by a woman.

“ ‘ It would not be fair to ask you to run a race with such a runner after a dinner such as you have just had. So we will put the test off until to-morrow morning. Go and rest well, for I want to see you win this last test,’ she said very earnestly.

“ As the young hunter went back to his companions he thought:

“ ‘ I shall never win this test, for I am not a very swift runner; so how can I expect to outrun a woman who has beaten the swiftest runners from far and near? ’

“ It was with a very sad face that he joined his friends.

“ ‘ Why do you look so sorrowful? ’ asked the Far-hearing-one. ‘ You have already won

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two contests and you must surely win the third.'

" ' I shall surely lose the third test, and then of what use will it be to me to have won the other two? ' said the hunter; ' for I have to run a race against the Wind Woman, the swiftest runner in all the world. No one has ever beaten her, and every one says no one can beat her. I certainly cannot, for I am not a swift runner. But if I don't, the Handsome One will not marry me, for she says she will not have for a husband a man who cannot outrun a woman.'

" ' Oh, don't bother so much about the matter,' said the Swift-one. ' It's very easy. I'll run the race for you and I'll win it too. I have never yet met any one who could keep me in sight when I got started in earnest.'

" ' I do not doubt that,' said the hunter, ' but this race is to be run in the open where the whole village can see it. You can't take my place without every one knowing it. So your winning the race will not make me the husband of the Handsome One.'

" ' That's quite easy, too,' said the Far-hearing-one. ' Go to the Handsome One and say to her:

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“ “ “ If I am to run this race, I must have my own people manage it.”

“ “ If she agrees, which of course she will, for she wants to see you win the test, why then you must say to her:

“ “ “ I want the Far-hearing-one to take charge of the race and my other companions to help him, for they alone know how to manage a race as swift as this is going to be. Whatever conditions the Far-hearing-one makes you must promise to agree to.” ”

“ So the hunter went to the Handsome One and said:

“ “ If I am to run this race I must have my own people manage it.’

“ “ That is a very unusual request,’ said the Handsome One. ‘ But you have already been successful in two tests, and I want you to win this, too, so do as you please.’

“ “ Then I shall have the Far-hearing-one take charge of the race with the others to help him. I leave everything to them, and whatever conditions the Far-hearing-one makes you must agree to.’

“ “ Do as you please,’ said the Handsome One. ‘ But remember that I, too, have one condition to impose. This race must be run in

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the open where every one can see it. For such is the custom of our people since the days of our ancestors.'

" 'Your condition shall be observed,' promised the hunter.

" When the young man returned to his companions, the Far-hearing-one inquired:

" 'Did she agree to the conditions?'

" 'Yes, she has agreed to the conditions,' said the hunter.

" 'Then,' said the Far-hearing-one, 'to-morrow we must all come to the race meeting place dressed alike. Do this and I will arrange everything else.'

" The following morning the Far-hearing-one went to the wigwam of the Handsome One and said to her:

" 'I have come to arrange the race for my friend.'

" 'Well, arrange it!' said the Handsome One, smiling upon him in a very friendly way.

" 'I want every one to stand far back from the winning post,' said the Far-hearing-one; 'for, when our runner gets started in earnest nothing can stop him. He can't even stop himself. It is his custom, as he always goes far

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beyond the goal, when he has finished the race, to run in a circle, so that by the time he has slowed up he is back at the winning post. As he cannot stop or turn suddenly to the right or to the left while he is running at high speed, he is in danger of running over people and badly hurting or killing them. So room must be made for him. The way to do this is to have all the people sit on the mountain side above the great hole where our runner has torn out the overshadowing rock. This is close enough so that they will be able to see the race better than anywhere else, and yet be in no danger of getting hurt. It is a good place for another reason. Our runner runs so swiftly that it will be impossible to view the race from the low level of the village, since the runners will scarcely be in sight before they shall have passed the winning post. But from the heights above they can be seen from afar off.'

“ ‘Then your runner is really very swift?’ said the Handsome One, much pleased.

“ ‘So swift,’ said the Far-hearing-one, ‘that when he goes hunting the buffalo, he has to tie stones to his ankles to keep him from running past them.’

“ ‘I shall send all the people to the top of

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the cliff until the race is over,' said the Handsome One.

" ' Our runner must have a sweat house to go into after the race,' said the Far-hearing-one, ' and the sweat house must be close to the winning post.'

" ' I shall order the race course to be laid out so that the winning post shall be close to the sweat house,' promised the Handsome One, for she was very anxious to have the hunter win the race, and she had begun to hope that he would.

" ' Our runner is anxious that you should see the race, or as much of it as possible,' said the Far-hearing-one. ' Will you not view it from the cliff above? There is no other place from which you can see so well, and we feel you will be anxious to know how it is coming out.'

" The Handsome One was very much pleased at this thoughtfulness on the part of the Far-hearing-one, and she said:

" ' The idea is excellent. I wonder I did not think of it before. I shall have all future races run in this way.'

" The race course was laid out across the level country for some distance, then straight

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up the mountain side and over the hilly country, then back home again over the same trail. From their seats on the top of the cliff the Handsome One and her people could see a long stretch of the beginning and the same distance of the finish. But what they could see was only a very small part of the course, after all, for the whole course was so long that a swift runner could not run over it in a day. The Wind Woman had laid it out long because she was such a swift runner, and she had stretched it up the mountain side because she ran as well up hill as down.

“ When the Handsome One and all her people had taken their seats on the cliff, the Far-seeing-one gave the signal and the runners started off very swiftly across the great meadow that lay between the village and the mountains. Side by side they ran, for the Wind Woman wished to tire her opponent out and to leave him behind at the start. Try as he would the Swift-one could not gain an inch on her, but he thought:

“ ‘ I’ll pass her when we turn to come down the mountains, for I do not run well up hill but no one can beat me running on the level or down hill.’

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“ The Wind Woman was running so fast she began to get tired. She looked anxiously at the Swift-one who seemed to be running very easily. So she thought:

“ ‘ I must find some way to trick him, for he certainly is a very fast runner, and he may pass me on the return trail since I do not run any better down hill than up.’

“ When they reached the turning post far up among the mountains the Wind Woman said:

“ ‘ We have run so very swiftly we have been but a little while getting here, and as the return trail is down hill all the way we will be able to go back faster than we came. Let us rest here a while so as not to have the race too short, and also to make the people a little anxious about us.’

“ ‘ Very well,’ agreed the Swift-one. ‘ What you say is quite true, for I run very much faster down hill than up, so we will soon cover the return trail.’

“ The Wind Woman and the Swift-one sat down together on the mountain top to rest and to talk. This was exactly what the woman wanted, for she was a very great witch and magician. She began at once to cast her en-

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chantments on the Swift-one. She waved her arms in the air as though she were trying to rest them after her long race, and at the mystic sign the little Sleep People came and began to shoot their arrows into the Swift-one who at once became drowsier and drowsier. Soon he was sound asleep.

“Then the Wind Woman, laughing a shrill laugh like the shriek of the tempest, began to run down the mountain trail as fast as she could.

“When the Wind Woman and the Swift-one stopped to rest on the mountain side, the Far-hearing-one, who had his ear to the ground, said:

“‘They have stopped running. They are resting. They must be very tired.’

“But the hunter said, laughing:

“‘Who ever heard of people resting in a race?’

“‘But they *are* resting,’ insisted the Far-hearing-one, ‘for I cannot hear the beat of their feet on the trail.’

“‘They have gone so far that you cannot hear them,’ suggested the Thirsty-one.

“‘No, it is not that,’ said the Far-hearing-one very positively. ‘They have certainly

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stopped to rest. I shall tell you when they begin the race again.'

"He lay for some time with his ear to the ground and the others waited anxiously. Suddenly the Far-hearing-one sprang up, excitedly shouting:

" 'The Swift-one is sleeping. I hear his heavy breathing. The woman is laughing with joy. She has put him to sleep with her enchantment. Now she is running back down the home trail. I know it is she that is running, for her footsteps are lighter than those of the Swift-one. She is certainly running alone, for I can hear the footsteps of only one.'

" 'What shall we do? We must surely lose the race!' exclaimed the hunter.

" 'I'll wake up the Swift-one,' said the Strong-one.

"He shot an arrow in the direction the racers had run.

"The Far-hearing-one, who had again placed his ear to the ground, exclaimed:

" 'The arrow has struck him in the ear and he has jumped up as though a bee had stung him. Now he is rubbing his ear. I can hear him ever so plainly. Now he is looking around

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for the woman. I can hear him moving his head and his eyes. Now he is running swiftly down the trail after her. He is taking very long steps down the mountain side. But the Wind Woman is very far ahead and he will have to run wonderfully fast to catch up with her.'

"In the meantime the people on the cliff sat waiting anxiously for the appearance of the racers. Suddenly some one more far-sighted than the others cried:

" 'Here comes the Wind Woman!'

"Then another shouted excitedly:

" 'Yes, here comes the Wind Woman!'

"Then the first cried:

" 'The hunter is so far behind that he is not even in sight!'

"At this the Handsome One sprang up, and putting her hand over her eyes to see the better, for the sun was shining straight down the trail, looked anxiously in the direction from which the runners were expected to appear. The Wind Woman was ahead and running swiftly; but far up the highlands she caught sight of the Swift-one. He was coming wonderfully fast with great steps down the mountains. But surely he could never overtake the

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Wind Woman, she was so far ahead and running so swiftly!

“As the Wind Woman started down the last mountain slope, all the people began to shout and to call to her encouragingly though she was still so far off she could not hear them. They were all very glad, for she was their runner.

“But the Handsome One was not in the least pleased to see the Wind Woman ahead. There was a very troubled look on her face as she thought:

“ ‘ Surely the race is lost and there will never again come such a handsome and clever suitor! ’

“Now the Wind Woman has left the mountain and she is rushing swiftly across the level country toward the beaver meadow. But the Swift-one has gained much upon her. Now they are close to the beaver meadow, and the Swift-one has gained still more. But yet he is far behind. Now every one on the cliff is standing watching the racers excitedly. How the Wind Woman flies! Never was there such a woman runner as she! But the Swift-one is gaining! Now he is close to her, but she is not far from the winning post! No one can run any faster than they are now running, and

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the Swift-one cannot overtake the Wind Woman in time to win the race! But see! He is running as he never ran before. So fast he goes one cannot see his legs moving, and each step he takes is longer than the longest tree. He is gaining fast upon the Wind Woman! Almost at the winning post he shoots past her swifter than an arrow in its flight; but so swiftly he is running he cannot stop. See he is returning in a wide circle to the winning post!

“ The people on the cliff watched him almost without breathing until he had completed the great circle and had slowed down at the sweat house. Then they all rushed down together on to the plain, shouting the praises of the wonderful runner the like of whom had never before been seen in all the land. They had forgotten all about the Witch Woman, and those who did remember her were glad she had been beaten, for she had shamed all the men of the village, and they hated her for it.

“ The women said:

“ ‘ This stranger is a very good runner and a very proper husband for our chief’s daughter who is already past the age when a woman

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should get married. She is fortunate to get such a handsome and clever husband after waiting so long.'

"In the meantime the Swift-one had disappeared within the wigwam which the Handsome One had set apart for the use of the strangers, and the hunter had crawled into the sweat house. So when the people, rushing down from the cliff, inquired:

" 'Where is the winner of the race?' the Thirsty-one answered:

" 'He has gone into the sweat house. This he does always after a race like this, and in this way he preserves his swiftness.'

"Every young warrior and hunter thought:

" 'I shall go into a sweat house after my next race. It is a very good way to preserve one's swiftness.'

"After the proper time in the sweat house the hunter came out looking as fresh as though he had never run a race (as indeed he had not); and the people accompanied him to the wigwam of the Handsome One, and there they left him, saying:

" 'We have brought you your husband.'

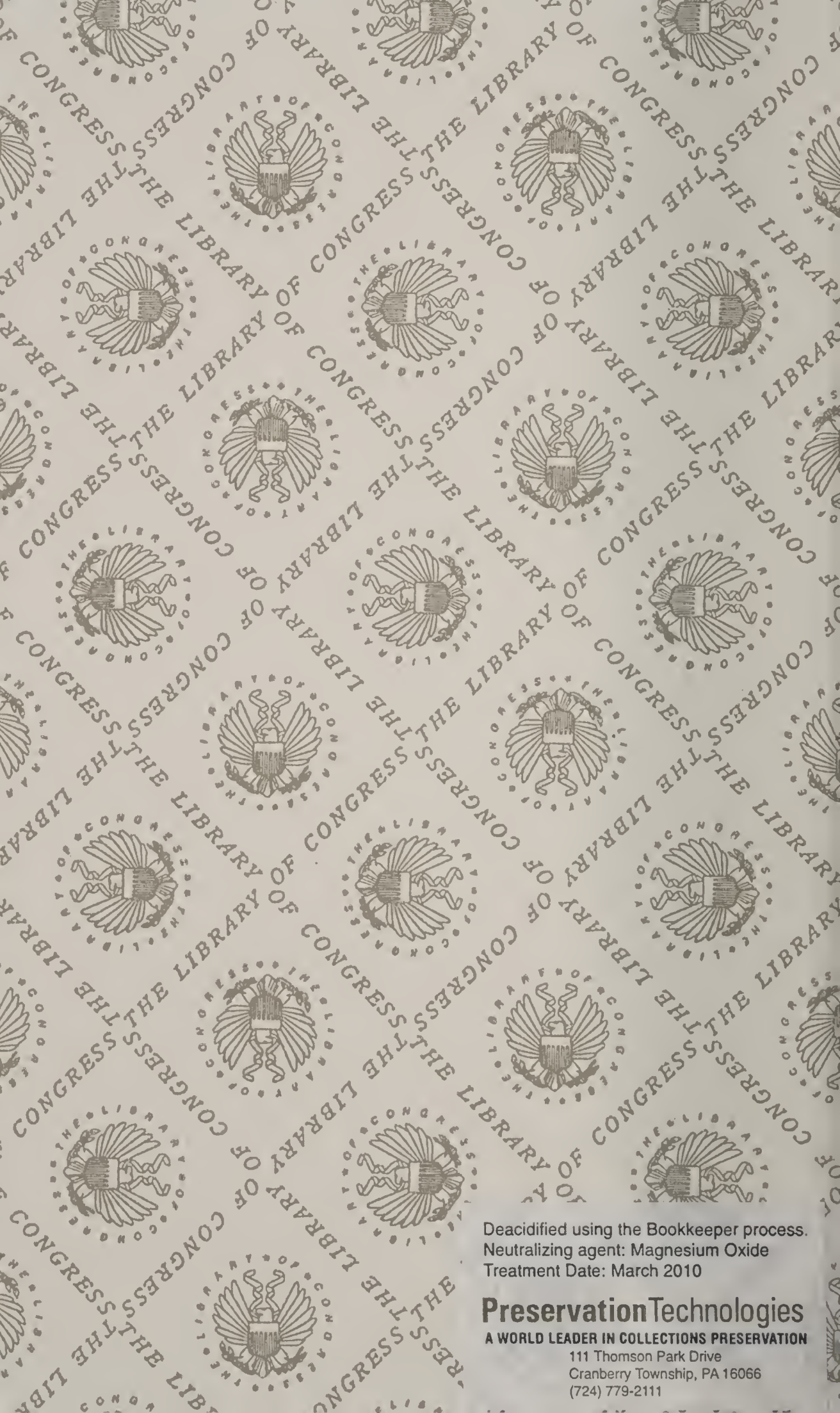
" 'And a very good husband you have brought me,' said the Handsome One.

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“ ‘ Yes indeed, a very good husband ! ’ said all the people together. ”

“ And a very good story, Baptiste, ” said the Factor.

“ You certainly have made a shine, Baptiste, ” said the Lawyer; “ and you have given us a story with six star actors in one caste. I should call it ‘ Six-in-one. ’ ”

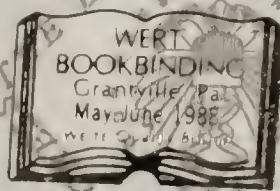


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